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Farm, Garden and Household.

How Girls can Learn to be Housekeepers.

Begin with your own things and your own place. That is what your mother will tell you if you rush to her, enthusiastic with great intentions, and offer to relieve her of half her housekeeping. Don't draw that little bucket of cold water to have it poured back upon your early zeal. Return your upper bureau-drawer; relieve your closet-pegs of their accumulation of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and cheerful order, in the midst of which you can daily move; and learn to keep it. Use yourself to the beautiful—which is the right,—disposing of things *as you handle them*; so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your room and its arrangements while you dress yourself; leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear, or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish your instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing that you have about you. Let it grow impossible to you to put down so much as a pin-box where it will disturb the orderly and pleasant grouping upon your dressing-table; or to stick your pins in your cushion, even at all sorts of tipsy and uncomfortable inclinations. This will not make you "fussy"—it is the other thing that does that; the *not* knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation. Once get your knowledge beyond *touch*, and turn it into *sight*,—which is literally having it at your fingers' ends, as I told you,—and order will breathe about you,—and grace evolve from commonest things, and uses and belongings, wherever you may be, and "putting things to rights" will not be separate task-work and trouble, any more than it is in the working of the solar system. It will go on all the time, and with a continual pleasure.

Take upon yourself gradually, for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need,—*all* the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Get together things for use in these cares. Have your little wash-cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning; furniture-brush and your leather and your whisk and tan, your bottle of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine, and piece of flannel to preserve the polish, or restore the gloss where dark wood grows dim or grey-spotted. Find out, by following your newly growing sense of thoroughness and completeness, the best and readiest ways of doing all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. I shall not lay down rules or a system for you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to do it alone,—so that you don't count the time it takes any more than that which you have to give to your own bathing and hair-dressing, then you have learned enough to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned. [St. Nicholas.

Orchard Manuring.

There would seem to be no good reason why, if we wish to raise good orchard fruits, we should not manure our trees. People often look at trees growing on rocky hill-sides, and argue therefrom that trees can grow without manure. They know that potatoes and other vegetables must have manure or they will not thrive, but they regard trees as a different order of vegetation, something that can thrive and flourish where nothing else would. But, in the case of trees on rocky hill-sides, the land is often anything but poor. The rocks themselves frequently contain valuable mineral matter, which, as the rock decays, is presented in a form that plants can feed upon. Then whatever vegetation grows among the rocks remains there to decay, and even leaves and other foreign substances that blow into the crevices formed by the rocks make a valuable plant-food, on which the tree thrives. Indeed, trees in apparently poor, rocky places are really much better off than many trees in orchards, where they are in what appears good land.

In more level land trees must be manured. In many cases, it is as necessary to the best success that trees have an occasional manuring as it is that any other crop should have manure. There have been many discussions as to whether manure for fruit-trees should be applied broadcast or ploughed in. For orchard trees there is no rule; it depends on circumstances. If the trees are on ground where vegetables are grown, the manure is, of course, turned in for the benefit of these crops, and the roots of the fruit-trees fight with those of the vegetables for some of it, and get it, too. But there are many orchards where no crops are grown but the trees, and then it is an excellent practice to apply manure as a top-dressing at least every other year, if you would have them bear an abundance of good fruit. [Boston Journal of Chemistry.

Whipping Horses.

Prof. Wagner, in writing upon this subject, says: Many think they are doing nicely, and are proud of their success in horse-training, by means of severe whipping, or otherwise arousing and stimulating the passions, and then through necessity crushing the will through which the resistance is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this, and there is nothing that so fully exhibits the ability, judgment and skill of the real horseman, as the care displayed in winning instead of repelling the action of the mind. Although it may be necessary to use the whip sometimes, it should always be applied judiciously, and great care should be taken not to arouse the passions or excite the will to obstinacy. The legitimate and proper use of the whip is calculated to operate upon the sense of fear almost entirely. The affectionate and better nature must be appealed to in training a horse as well as in training a child. A reproof given may be intended for the good of the child, but if only the passions are excited, the object is depraving and injurious. This is a vital principle, and can be disregarded in the management of sensitive and courageous horses only at the risk of spoiling them. I have known many horses of a naturally gentle character to be spoiled by whipping once, and one horse that was made vicious by being struck with a whip once while standing in his stall.

Too Many Fences. A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph says: I notice many farms of from fifty to two hundred acres, upon which the matter of fences must be about as much an encumbrance as would be a heavy mortgage. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the removal of at least one half the fences upon these farms, would be one good step towards removing the debts under which some of our most industrious and hard-working farmers are laboring. Not only this, but it would also lighten the demand that is being constantly made upon their time and patience to repair fences.

Dividing a farm all up into fields of from one to five acres, seems to me to be useless. Good line fences are generally a necessity. But after that, fences to inclose pasture land ought to about end the fence matter. Of course, circumstances may require a few extra fences, as about garden, orchard, etc., yet I think many of the inside fences might be dispensed with to great advantage.

A correspondent of the Maine Farmer, speaking of improving wet land, says:—"A few years since I took a piece of wet, rocky pasture that produced nothing but flags and rushes, cleared it from rocks and drained it with an open drain, then ploughed and thoroughly pulverized it and seeded it down. The first year there was from one to two tons of grass per acre."

Rye straw, says the Springfield Republican, has lately gone up from $12 to $18 and $20 a ton, and a party is buying and baling it in Hampshire County for shipment to the Boston stables.

Meadows a Winter Mulch.

The winter last past, 1875-6, very severe upon meadow lands, and much of the drainage in many instances could have been avoided by proper attention and treatment of the lands after harvest and during the fall. During a considerable portion of the winter, it will be remembered, the earth was left bare of snow and exposed to intense cold. The ground froze to a great depth, and the alternate freezing and thawing killed the roots of grasses to a greater extent than usual. Whatever inconvenience and discomfort there may be in deep and long-continued snows in our climate, they serve as a protection or winter mulch for our grass lands. Every one must have observed that where the snow lies deep and long, there the grass springs up thick and rank. The old adage that "snow is the poor man's manure," is not without foundation in fact. It costs nothing, and is very valuable in its prevention of frosts. Nature teaches important lessons, and we may learn from the action of the snows that a winter mulch is not without profit.

During spring, and up to the present time, we have made personal examination of many meadows in Herkimer and other counties of New York, lying in the dairy belt, and in not a single instance have we found the grass destroyed on meadows where the lands were not allowed to be pastured after the hay harvest and where a good coat of grass remained at the commencement of winter. The protection which this covering gives to the roots and tender shoots during a season of little snow, and where the ground is laid open to the blasts of winter, will be almost equal, in results, to a coating of manure applied in spring to meadows that have been fed down close in fall, while the latter is far more expensive.

Manures, spread in fall over the lands, operate beneficially in this way. They are a protection against the severity of frosts, while the fertilizing elements, at the same time, give greater vigor to the plants late in the season, thus bracing them for the rigors of winter—acting much the same as a well-filled stomach of nutritious food braces up the human system for endurance.

The next three months is the season for preparing meadows for a bountiful yield in the next year's crop. Let them have a winter mulch either of grass or manures, and they will respond to such treatment at the next harvest. [Rural New Yorker.

Here is a practical hint from the Rural New Yorker:—

"How to make walks about the house hard without much cost" is a question which we have often asked ourselves without ever receiving a satisfactory reply. Coal ashes, sand, such as is used for mortar, and clay in the proportion of rather more sand than coal ashes—the difference made up with the clay—all well mixed together and laid at least four inches deep, will become very compact and hard. Macadamized paths are to be recommended in point of cheapness. Collect all the stones you can. Place the large in the bottom and fill in with the smaller ones, covering, as above, with sand, ashes, and a little clay.

The London Journal of Horticulture says "Many, if not all sorts of pears, are immensely improved by being subject to a temperature of 100° for an hour or two previous to being eaten. To take the best kinds of fruit direct from the fruit-room, which may not be half a dozen degrees above the freezing point, is not doing justice to the fruit or, I must add, to the owner. Let any one test fruits of any good sorts of apples and pears, some "stinging cold" and others artificially warmed, and note the superiority of the latter, which is to my mind conclusive."

The Vermont Farmer says:—George Campbell of West Westminster, has a field of oates which, from some cause, came up very thin. The crop was so unpromising that he mowed them for hay as they were beginning to head. He was surprised to see them grow up thicker than at first, and now, about three weeks after the mowing, they are headed again, and promise a fair crop. We have had rye, mown off as it was heading, send up a new crop from the stubble and give a good yield of grain.

A Wonderful Dog.

A gentleman writes as follows to the Philadelphia Times:

Among the passengers lost on the steamer St. Clair, on Lake Superior, was a man named Stewart, of Duluth. He had a small English spaniel, which swam ashore. The dog was well known at Duluth and along the Northern Pacific Railroad, and was remarkable for his intelligence and sagacity. His owner was employed by the Northern Pacific road to measure timber delivered by contractors. The dog would take the end of the tapeline and go to the end of the log, sixty or seventy feet long, and hold it at the end while his master would hold it at the other, and do this all day, or until the timber was all measured.

His master would send him to the post office, saying to him, "Go up—get letters;" the dog would go to the post office and go around to one of the clerks, look at him, wag his tail, and was so well known the clerk would give him the letters, which he would carry back to his master, and in the same way he would carry letters which his master had written to the office to be mailed.

His scent was very acute. Coming home from the woods one day, Stewart was met on the road by a company of young people, who had been on a picnic about half a mile away. One of the young ladies had left her parasol on the ground. Stewart called his dog and pointing to the path, said: "Go, find and bring here" The dog was gone about fifteen or twenty minutes, and returned with the parasol.

A pile of lumber put in Stewart's charge, was being stolen. Stewart called his dog, took him to the pile and said: "Watch it and see who takes it." Two or three days afterward the dog came to him in the morning, and by signs familiar to his master, told him. Stewart took a policeman with him and told the dog to go on, and he led them about a quarter of a mile to a shanty occupied by a Swede on the bank of the lake. They looked under the shanty and saw a large pile of boards. The Swede was arrested, taken before the justice, and Stewart told the justice what the dog had done. The justice at once convicted the Swede for larceny.

Thare iz no cure for liein, nor lazyness; death cums the nearest to it ov enmything that has been diskovered yet. It iz hard to tell whether a lazy man iz alive or not; and az for liars, they hav been known to lie still after they had been dead for centurys. Gitting married to an aktive widder has been known to shake the dust out ov a lazy man for a short period, but he soon settles down into a korner agin, az quiet az a cobweb, and leaves the widder to spank the yung ones and weed out the garden to suit herself. [Billings.

An Englishman who insulated his bedstead by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottom of a glass bottle, says that he had not been free from rheumatic gout for fifteen years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators. A local paper, quoting this item, wisely adds: "There's many a fellow who could cure his gout if he would break off the bottoms of his glass bottles in time."

A remark of an old minister is commended to all preachers who are tempted to complain of a small congregation: "It is as large a congregation, perhaps, as you will want to account for at the day of judgment."

The Crickets.

Pipe, little minstrel of the waning year,
In gentle concert pipe!
Pipe in the warm noons; the mellow harvest near;
The apples dropping ripe;

The tempered sunshine and the softened shade;
The trill of lonely bird;
The sweet, sad hush on Nature's gladness laid;
The sounds through silence heard!

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year;
The summer's brief reprieve;
The dry husk rustling round the yellow ear,
The chill of morn and eve!

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year;
Pipe low the painless pain;
Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer;
The year is in the wane.

[Harriet McEwen Kimball.

A Box of Diamonds.

It is many years since the circumstances occurred which I am about to relate; before the Mail companies and Glasgow clippers, when a man had to make his will and set his house in order before putting his foot on board a ship, and when once you had passed the Eddystone, it was almost a hundred to one against your ever setting foot again in old England. However, here I am laid up like an old hulk for the remainder of my days, with nothing to fall back upon but the memories of the past, and sad memories some of them are you may stake your life.

I was a young man then, and had been knocking about in the Brazils and West Indies—everywhere in South America, I may say, for I believe I made one of the first party of Englishmen to cross the Andes, from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres—no light feat in those days, I can tell you. I was a doctor by profession, and many a time, by the exercise of my professional skill, I have saved my own scalp among the savage Indians of the Pampas. I am not going, however, to tell you anything about the Indians now—some other time, perhaps—a slice of lemon? Thank you—and sugar, that will do. Now for my story:

As I said before, I had been knocking about a good deal in South America, and shipped as doctor on board an old tub of a trader leaving Rio Janeiro, homeward bound for Bristol, with a cargo and a couple of cabin passengers.

The Good Hope was commanded by Capt. McFarlane, a hard-headed old Scotchman, John Williams, first mate, and a crew of thirteen hands all told, made up of Englishmen, Dutchmen, Swedes and a couple of negroes, one of whom was the steward's mate. We sailed on the 14th of December a blazing hot day, with scarcely a breath of wind to fill the sails; but the captain was anxious to get away, as Yellow Jack was in port, and he had no mind to knocking his heels in quarantine longer than he could help. We had, however, hardly got clear of Baza Island, when a breeze sprung up and we were soon bowling along as fast as the old ship could be made to step along, all studding sails set, and, so far, a clean bill of health on board.

On the 21st, however, I was sitting forward getting a breath of fresh air and smoking my pipe, when Pete, the steward's mate came up and summoned me att to see one of the two cabin passengers, Mr. William Grierson, who had been very unwell during the night and began to be afraid he was in for a touch of the fever. I went aft and saw him, but there did not appear to be any alarming symptoms just at present, so I prescribed some cooling medicine and left him.

He was worse, however, next day, and the next, yet it was not a case of yellow fever, and there was something in the symptoms, I am not ashamed to say, that fairly baffled me. On the 24th he was so much worse that I began to be seriously alarmed, and communicated my fears to the captain.

"It is not the yellow fever, or that I am sure."

"What is it then?"

"Well to tell the truth, I can hardly say. Nothing that I can administer seems to do him any good, and he is evidently sinking rapidly."

The conversation was cut short by the arrival of Peter, who informed us that Mr. Grierson had been seized with a sudden and alarming pain, and was apparently dying, adding that the patient wished to see me at once and alone. In obedience to the summons I went below, and having shut the cabin door and administered the necessary remedies, asked the dying man (for there could be little doubt he was dying) the reason for his wishing to see me.

"I wish to see you because I feel that I am dying, and I can put off no longer what I wish to say, it is to be said at all," responded the patient feebly. "Fetch me that box from off the top of my chest, and listen."

I brought it, a small oblong mahogany box, and laid it by his side upon the coverlet, and Mr. Grierson laying his hand upon it and at the same time detaching a key from a string by which it was suspended round his neck, which his fingers played with nervously during his recital, continued—

"I am a murderer—Aye! you may start and think perhaps that my mind is wandering, but it is the truth. Twenty-five years ago, twenty-five years of misery—I committed the deed which I am now in the presence of my Maker about to confess. I was a clerk in a banking house in London, and the facilities and opportunities for speculation offered me were too much for me to withstand, but circumstances occurred which convinced me that discovery could hardly be much longer delayed; and I was casting about how to escape while there was yet time. Just at this juncture one of the senior clerks in the house had to be sent down to Bristol in charge of a very large sum of money in gold, and I was deputed to accompany him to guard the treasure. In those times matters were differently conducted from what they are at the present day, and we had to take the money in a box, strongly secured and sealed, with us, by the mail coach which started from one of the old inns in the city for the west of England. There was a sum of 2,000 guineas in the box, and the idea suggested itself to my mind that if I could become master of such a sum I could get clear away, by some ship leaving Bristol for foreign parts, before the bank could become aware of the fact of my escape. But how to get rid of my companion. Briefly, for I feel my strength sinking, and I must hurry forward to the end of what I have to tell you. I procured poison, which I poured into the leathern bottle, in which I carried my refreshment on the road, and, watching my opportunity offered it to him to drink. He sank back in a corner of the coach, and in a few minutes was a corpse. Emptying the remaining contents of the bottle out of the window, and placing the dead man in such an attitude as would lead people to suppose he had died naturally in his sleep, I hailed the guard with every stimulation of trepidation, and stopped the coach. The outside passengers got down, and a scene of great excitement occurred. At the next village, the local doctor, who as it happened was a man of no great skill, was sent for, and dexterously insinuating to him that I had known my companion to suffer from heart disease of long standing, with many compliments to the professional acumen of the doctor himself, that worthy was not long in pronouncing it a case of sudden death from heart disease; and I was suffered, in view of my representations as to the urgency of my mission to Bristol to proceed on my journey. This is the bare outline of my crime, the details would only weary you, and my time is short. I succeeded in leaving England and reached Brazil where I have amassed a fortune. That fortune is within the box which lies beneath my hand."

He paused, for a violent spasm seized him, and it was some time before I could recover him sufficiently to enable him to proceed.

Raising himself in bed with difficulty, he unlocked the box, and disclosed an array of unset diamonds, whose brilliancy fairly dazzled me.

"Here are £50,000 worth of diamonds," proceeded Mr. Grierson. "I have converted all my fortune into these gems, and these I intend to entrust to your care. Take this box at once to your own cabin and return to me for your instructions as to the disposal of the contents.

I hesitated, but he was imperative.

"Not a word—I am dying fast, and I implore you to acceed to my last request."

I took the box, locked it, and left the cabin. As I opened the door I ran against Pete.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"Nothing massa."

I passed on along the main deck toward my own cabin forward, and on my way I met Captain McFarlane.

"How is your patient, doctor?"

"Dying, I fear. He cannot last long"

I passed on, and depositing the box in a place of safety, returned. Grierson was rapidly sinking, and in a few broken sentences he instructed me as to the disposal of his property. Ten thousand pounds was to go to the bankers, Messrs. Holt & Wardley, of Lambert street, and the balance to the family of the murdered man, whose name was given me, and whose representative I pledged my word to discover.

Finally binding me over not to disclose what I had just been told, except to the parties named by him in his dying request, Grierson relapsed into a state of partial insensibility, from which I in vain attempted to arouse him, and before half an hour had elapsed the unhappy man was no more.

Going on deck, I communicated the news to the captain, who gave the necessary directions as to the funeral, which took place next day; and once more we were ploughing our way through the blue waters as if nothing had happened.

I was an altered man The strange commission with which I had been entrusted weighed on my mind Over and over again in the stillness of the night I opened the box of diamonds, and gazed on the brilliancy of the gems. What proof was there that they were not mine; the box with its brass plate bearing the owner's name could be destroyed in a moment and then—

Over and over again the devil whispered to me, but thank God, I resisted the temptation. I would fulfill the trust confided to me, and I prayed fervently for strength to resist the evil promptings of my baser self.

One day I was alone, the box unlocked on my table, gazing with an irrepressible curiosity, which I was unable to control on the jewels, which scintillated with a devlish lustre before my dazed vision. The door suddenly opened and Capt. McFarlane entered.

"I beg your pardon, doctor, didn't know you were engaged;" but before I could close the box or reply, his eye had caught the shimmer of the brilliants.

"Hallo! What's here?"

With a firm hand he closed the lid and read the name on the plate. Innocent as I was, involuntarily stung by the remembrance of what my thoughts had been but a moment before, I quailed before his eye.

"I know all—that man was poisoned—consider yourself my prisoner."

I endeavored to explain. I told everything as it had occurred, and I appealed to the captain to believe the story, or at least to wait its reasonable confirmation, before acting on his rash conclusion. He was incredulous. One concession I obtained, and that was, that all should be kept secret till our arrival in port, and that I should not be publicly branded, as a murderer before the crew.

A fortnight passed, a weary fortnight, during which I repeatedly endeavored to shake the conclusion at which Captain McFarlane had so hastily arrived. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the captain fell sick. I begged him to accept my services.

"Never; you shall not poison me, too"

Days passed, and the captain got worse and worse; he babbled in his delirium of poison, of stolen jewels; and night and day I watched at his bedside, jealously excluding everybody who might perchance overhear his ravings and rise up in judgment against me

One day the crisis came. A few hours would determine all. If he died I was once more a free man, free from the imputation of a foul crime, free to carry out my honest intention of fulfilling the dead man's wishes but also free from the dread of exposure, which to me would be worse, as a bare suspicion, than death itself.

If the captain could but sleep his life would be saved. How easy to make that sleep his last—the devil was at my elbow, the laudanum bottle in my hand. But at my sorest need the strength to resist was given to me. I poured out the proper dose, and advanced toward the cot where the captain lay.

A strange light was in his eyes. Rising suddenly and throwing the bed clothes off his tall, lean, sinewy form, he half leaped from the bed, and seizing the box of diamonds, which he had throughout his illness never allowed from beneath his pillow, in one hand, he shrieked—

"Never, never! will you allow me to be poisoned like a dog? Help, some of you," The effort was too much, and clasping the box to his bosom; he fell back on his pillow—a convulsive shudder passed over his frame—he was dead.

I don't pretend to analyze my feelings at that moment. My reason well nigh deserted me. I did not stop to think of the possible consequences. Snatching the box from the relaxing grasp of the corpse, I rushed from the cabin and fell over Pete, the negro, who was just outside.

"See to the captain. He is dead,"—and I sped onward; but the powerful negro had his hand upon my arm.

"Massa doctor not go so quick—Massa Grierson dead, cap'n dead too Doctor got his box of jewels. Give that box up!" and the negro seized me in his grasp and struggled with me for the possession of the box.

At this moment the strength of a lion was in me. I wrestled with my assailant, and freeing myself made for the companion stairs. I had reached the deck with what intention I knew not; but Pete was again with me, wrestling with the strength of a demon for the possession of the prize.

The ship was rolling heavily in a dead calm, and as we fell together we slid across the deck toward the lee scuppers. With a superhuman effort I freed my right arm, and with all my force threw the box over the quarter deck railings. It flew open as it fell into the sea, and in the moonlight the diamonds fell like a shower of fallen stars into black water.

The negro seeing my movement, left his hold of me and sprang forward to catch the box as it fell. A heavy lurch and I was alone on the deck.

The rapidity with which everything had taken place seemed to have stunned me, and deprived me of the power to utter even one cry for help. When I recovered myself, it was late—Pete and the diamonds were gone forever.

I looked round, the deck was deserted, save by the man at the wheel, who half hidden by the wheel-house had not seen the struggle.

Can I be blamed? I held my tongue. The captain was buried at dawn, and the chief officer took command of the ship. It was clear that Pete must have fallen overboard, and no one suspected the share I had in the catastrophe. In due time I arrived in Bristol, and for my own satisfaction I instituted the necessary inquiries as to the individuals named by the man Grierson. The bank had long since ceased to exist. I traced some vague rumor of a man having died suddenly in a stage coach while passing through an obscure village in Somersetshire, but could never obtain any clue to his representatives. It was as well perhaps that I failed. I am still a poor man, but I would rather die so than accept the possibility of becoming rich at the terrible risk which attended the unlucky bequest of the Box of Diamonds.

The Wreck of the Strathmore.

We have before given some account of the wreck of the English ship Strathmore, bound to New Zealand, with a large number of emigrants. She struck on one of a group of desert islands in the Indian ocean, called the Twelve Apostles, and became a wreck. About half the ship's company reached the island, the rest went down with the ship. After seven months of terrible suffering, the survivors were rescued by the American whaling ship Young Phenix, of New Bedford. The following letter by Mrs. Wordsworth gives the experience of the only female who was saved.

MRS. WORDSWORTH TO HER DAUGHTER.

Dearest F——: I dare say you never expected to see my handwriting again; but I suppose I must be the veritable bad half-penny, and of course have turned up once more. We are now on board the ship Childers, of Liverpool, on our way to Rangoon.

I will begin my story from the poor ship Strathmore. We had rather a tedious voyage. I was sick the whole way and if the sickness stopped I had nausea. I could not eat—I loathed everything; and when we got to the line "low fever" set in. In short, I thought I should never reach New Zealand, though Captain M'Donald showed great skill in medicine, and was exceedingly kind and attentive. On one occasion, curiously enough, he jokingly threatened that if I did not get better soon he would hand me on the "Twelve Apostles," little thinking then, poor man, how soon his words would come true.

Miss Henderson, the lady who occupied the other berth in my cabin, and who, with her brother, was going to join their father, always tended me with the greatest kindness and gentle care during my long illness. On the 30th of June, the very night before we "struck," I felt rather better, and got up to join the other passengers in a game at cards in the saloon. I had generally slept badly hitherto, the fever always returning in the night; but on this occasion, I slept soundly till bump! bump! bump! I was knocked violently backward and forward in my berth. I thought, "surely this is a curious motion; but, determined not to be easily alarmed, I endeavored to compose myself. To my horror there then followed a crushing and grating sound which could not be mistaken. I said to Miss Henderson, "Oh! surely there is something wrong."

We got out of bed, and had just lit our lamps, when Charlie and Mr. Henderson came to our cabin. Mr. Henderson never spoke; but Charlie said in very quiet tones, "Mother, the ship has struck, and is quickly settling down. You have just time to dress—only a moment to put on what you can." They left us; we never spoke. I helped the poor child to dress; she was pale and trembling, but quiet and collected. I did not take time to dress myself fully, merely putting on my dressing gown and the tweed tunic you bought me. My sealskin jacket was unfortunately locked up, so I huddled on my warm shawl, and tied up my head warmly. This took us about three minutes, at the end of which time Charlie and Mr. Henderson again appeared. I took your brother's arm, and we went into the saloon, Miss Henderson and her brother following. Charlie, bethinking himself of some useful things he had forgotten, left me in the saloon in order to get them from his own cabin. Thinking he remained too long, I followed him and begged him to come at once, for I had heard the captain from the precipitations on in an agonized tone, "Now, then, come!" But while I had been waiting for him, I had run back to the cabin and got my rosary, which I put round my neck, and seized a pair of blankets. We made our way to the companion-hatch, but it was partly fastened up, so I was forced to drop my load of blankets and creep through the small aperture which was left. Arrived on deck, we followed Mr. Henderson and her brother, we walked to where some sailors were endeavoring to launch a boat. Charlie noticed to me that generally in shipwrecks the first boat launched is lost; and though I heard "sails" voice cry out, "I'll shoot any man who gets in before the women," I said to Charlie, "Don't go in that boat; remember wherever we go or if there is not room for you there is not for me." He replied "No, mother, we live or die together."

We passed the Joselyn boys. Percy, the eldest—a fine fellow—I heard say to his younger brother, "We will stick together, old boy, whatever happens." I saw poor Captain M'Donald at the rigging, and would have spoken to him, but I knew he was a broken-hearted man, and, like myself, prepared for eternity. I had not the least hope of being saved. Just then I heard Mrs. Walker, who unfortunately had got separated from her husband and child, ask Charlie to look for him, but he did not hear her; he was considering how I could be got into the port lifeboat. "Can you get on the bridge, mother?" he asked. I said "Yes,"—though it was a place I dared not have attempted in daylight on a calm day. I got into it, I know not how. Charlie and a sailor, Jack Wilson, pulled me up into the boat by the hands. The moment I was lifted from the quarter-deck a sea swept over it, some of the water splashing on my face. That sea washed Miss Henderson from her brother's arms down to the main deck, and so the poor child was lost. Her brother told me afterwards that all she said to him was, "Oh, Tom! we did not think it would end this way."

In the meantime, the sailors were doing everything to have the boat ready, on the very slight hope of her floating clear of the ship, which we thought then was rapidly satting down. We sat awaiting our fate. A few farewells were exchanged, I said good-by my dear boy, and a pang of anguish went through me for his young life, so soon to be taken. It passed in a moment, and we were preparing ourselves as well as we could to meet our God when, wonderful to relate, a heavy sea came sweeping along over the poop, carrying everything with it to destruction; but instead of dashing our boat to pieces, or tumbling it from the beams on which it stood down to the deck, it caught it up and miraculously floated us between the main and mizzen rigging into the sea. I thought at the time we were going quietly into eternity. I felt Charlie's grasp tighten, and with a prayer on my lips I think I almost went. We had hardly breathed when Charlie suddenly almost threw me from him, and wrenching an oar out, shouted "Saved saved! by a miracle. Up, lads, and keep her off the ship!" It was pitch dark in the dead of a winter night. We had few clothes, and the boat having been stove in on its passage across the deck, we were sitting almost up to our waist in water. Huge sprays washed over our shoulders, and so, surrounded by breakers and sharp rocks, we did not know which way to turn for safety. By dint of hard labor and great caution we managed to keep clear of every obstacle, and the boat was constantly baled to lighten her, but with little success. Indeed, had she not been a splendid lifeboat, we should very soon have sunk. I sat silent in my corner, trying to comfort and warm poor spencer Joselyn, who had hurt himself jumping into the boat. Percy, poor fellow, fell short in his leap, and was drowned. Charlie gave me his coat to hold while he pulled an oar, and I think that £155, which was in a pocket-book that he had saved, must then have been lost by dropping out of one of his pockets into the water, in the boat, and then being baled overboard.

We beat about all night, not knowing where we went, afraid of being drifted out to sea without food or water. Breakers ahead! and land ho! was the cry all night. Once, in the gray of the morning, we got a glimpse of the ship. She was leaning over a good deal, and looked very helpless and forlorn, and so sad. A little after day broke I was the first to see another boat. I gave a joyful scream, and the second mate, Mr. Peters, with some passengers and sailors, came to us and towed us to land. When we came to the landing place I gave up in despair, for I saw nothing but a high perpendicular rock before me, impossible almost for a goat to find footing on. You know I am not very clever at climbing at the best of times, but weak and ill, stiff with cold, and dripping wet, I felt I had no life in me, and could not do it. I said, "Charlie, I can't do it; you must leave me." "Nonsense," he said; and one of the seamen, Jack Wilson, added, "If there is anybody to be saved you will be." The sailors who had already mounted the rock soon managed to lower a rope with a loop in it, in which I sat, and was pulled up, assisted by Charlie and young Mr. Keith on either side. I was stunned with cold, and almost fainting, so that it seemed only a few minutes to me till Charlie came with the reeking hot skins of two albatrosses and wrapped my feet in them. Oh, how delightful it was! Some one knocked down a white pigeon, which was cooked on some sticks and given to me. I thought I had never tasted anything so good. Mr. Peters, who all along had behaved with great presence of mind and gallantry, had been backward and forward to the wreck and brought off several boatfuls of people. He also picked up some wine, spirits, &c.—in fact all that was portable and useful. It soon got dark, and we were obliged to move higher up the rock, where a slight tent was erected and a plank was placed on the rock for me to lie upon. Some of the sailors covered me with their coats, but they were taken from me during the night by some of the passengers, and then, oh, the agony I suffered in my limbs! Mr. Keith and Charlie had to move my feet and hands, and when I could bear it no longer I went outside and sat by a small fire they had lit. Black Jack gave me his own stockings, which were warm, for I had none—the crew were all so kind to me.

The next day Mr. Peters brought the remainder of the survivors from the rigging of the wreck. The noble captain had been washed overboard shortly after Miss Henderson and the man at the helm, a bright-eyed little fellow called Darkey on account of his gypsy-like complexion, who was washed away from his post with a part of the wheel in his hand. He had refused to leave it until the word to save himself was given; but the captain never lived to give it. There was a very interesting newly married couple called Mr. and Mrs. Riddle. Mrs. Riddle had waited for him for eight years, and the poor man was frantic at the prospect of losing his young wife. A Mrs. Mobile, another young married woman, behaved with great heroism at the wreck. At all times a merry laughing creature, and kind to every one, she tried hard to save the lives of some of the children but without success. She was heard to ask, "Is there no hope?" "None." Then throwing her arms around her husband's neck she said, "I will die with you."

To return to the island. Next day Walter Smith, the sailmaker, and Mike O'Reardam, an A. B. brought me a suit of manly garments—Mike giving me the shirt from his back. Trousers, my flannel petticoat, and a "monkey jacket" completed my outfit; but either the trousers were curiously made or else I was, for we did not get on well together. I kept them, though, and they were most useful to Charlie afterward.

I will now only give you a few incidents of our island life, as Charlie is writing a full account, which you will receive with this letter. I was very near death several times; had it not been for Charlie's constant care and tenderness I should really have gone—it was such a long time of suffering and enduring. The eggs saved my life twice, and there was a little of the famous "Redheart rum" put away for the use of the sick by Mr. Peters, which did me incalculable good. I felt I could not last long. One morning, the 21st of January, I awoke quite cheerful and bright, saying, "Charlie, I've seen the ship" (we never dreamt of any but the one that was to take us off), in the afternoon, as Charlie went out of our own little "shanty," he shouted, "Sail ho!" and immediately ran toward the flagstaff. I sank on my knees at the entrance, and wept tears of joy. Soon I saw the ship turn toward our island, and then to prepare. Charlie came back to give me one or two articles of apparel, that I might look somewhat more respectable, for my wardrobe was reduced to a flannel shirt and petticoat much the worse for wear, and (which I considered the very grand) the polonaise you bought me—everything as well as myself black, greasy, and smelling horribly fishy, though we did not notice it at that time. What moments of delight were these! We first hurried to one side of the island, then to another, scrambling over rocks, holes, and slime—no easy matter. At last we arrived at our old landing place. I could get down to a certain part of the rock in safety, but from there I had to be lowered into the boat in a "bowline." To the uninitiated this bowline looks a very careless made knot, but it is strong notwithstanding.

When I was hanging above the sea I heard "sails" shout out, "Don't scrape her; rather throw her into the water;" but I meekly expostulated that I rather preferred being scraped. Poor "Sails" was ready to jump in for me, being half stripped; and the last thing I clung to on the island was his smooth fat neck. I hung in midair, and when the boat rose on the swell I was lowered into Capt. Gifford's arms and placed safely in the boat. The ship was an American whaler named The Young Phœnix, Captain Gifford. Charlie, Mr. Peters, "Sails," and two invalids came off with us at the same time. Capt. Gifford congratulated me on my fortitude. He said some men had to be helped, and would scarcely come at all. Long before we reached the ship I was sick, of course. Capt. Gifford, insisted on my staying in the boat, and it was hoisted up with me on board. The first moment that Capt. Gifford saw distressed people on the island, rightly judging they could not all be got off the rock that night, he had thoughtfully provisioned the boats, even to tobacco. I was taken down stairs and met by an angel, as she seemed to me, with such a fair, tender face—a tall, slender woman, like a lily, in her fresh cotton gown. She took me, dirty, wretched, sick, in her arms, and immediately got a tub of water to wash me, for I could do nothing. I was so ill and weak. She washed, clothed, and fed me with the tenderest gentleness. The best of everything was given me. A bed was arranged on a sofa, with pillows, sheets, and blankets. For seven months I had thought it a luxury to get a flat stone to sit on, and had hardly ever lain down without my feet in a pool of water; and now, surrounded by every comfort, I did not speak or think, but could only lie and wonder, and thank Almighty God for His mercy. Next day the sickness wore off, and I was able to enjoy the nice little American dainties she brought me. I think she herself scarcely ate anything while we were on board. She was so delighted, she had said to her husband when he was going for us, "Bring me a woman," she was so homesick [illegible] considerable time already, with no prospect of seeing home for many long months. Five happy days we stayed on board bound for the Mauritius, though the captain, by thus taking us out of his way, was losing a fishing season, a serious matter for a whaler, and he had not been successful already. Curiously enough, not long before he had picked up the crew of a deserted vessel, numbering about thirty, so far as I can recollect. On the fifth day a ship drove in sight. We "spoke" her, and her captain agreed to take twenty of us. I preferred stopping; but the second mate, Mr. Peters, and most of the passengers, went with her. She was the Sierra Morena. I was exceedingly sorry to part with Mr. Peters, who all along proved so kind to me. In the afternoon of the same day, as Captain Gifford and I were comfortably chatting in our small "sanctum," Jose, the little steward, came down with the news that there was another sail on the "lee bow." Up went the captain on deck; and I, very sorrowful, was preparing to get ready to be transhipped, when I was told not to sur till we learned more particulars. In the meantime I saw the captain's wife hastily employed packing up a whole lot of her best things for me to take, but I would only accept from her a change of commoner ones, as she had previously given me a very handsome rep wrapper, and various articles, including a water-proof, and lovely shoes and stockings. Such shoes! She is a full head taller than I, yet her feet are smaller; and mine, you know, are not very large. Besides, though she does sit on board of the vessel, her hands are small and beautifully white. We signaled this ship as we had done the other, and it was arranged that the remainder of us, twenty-four in all, should go on board the new vessel. We were, without exception, exceedingly sorry to part with our American friends. Mrs. Gifford cried when I left her, and would scarcely let me go; and Capt. Gifford, at the very last, said if I had the least objection to going, that Charlie and I could remain with them, and they would be very glad to have us. However we went away; and the last I saw of Eleanor Gifford, leaning over the side with a handke chief round her head, a tender, half-sad look in her eyes, recalled to my mind the sweet face of my vision on the island. All honor to the American flag. We should most likely have been on the island now but for their humanity. Captain and Mrs. Gifford are pure Americans, and if I am able in other years when they return to New Bedford, I shall almost dare cross the ocean to see them once more. Captain Gifford is as tall for a man as his wife is for a woman. He has the rather long face of the American, but he is very handsome. They had a very fine harmonium on board, but I was too weak to use my feet to blow, so I sat wrapped in a blanket on her knee, she using her feet and I playing. The Young Phœnix will go to the Mauritius in about six months, where Mrs. Gifford will stay some time for a rest. She would have made her visit then had we gone on with them.

Had you seen me at first you would not have known me. I was a perfect skeleton; my eyes sunken and hollow, with a wild, burning light in them horrible to see; my skin white, and like a dead person's; my hands transparent, my hair short, and my figure gaunt, tottering, and with a dreadful st

Horrible Murders in Bucksport. A Whole Family Butchered.

The thriving town of Bucksport, which has hitherto had a remarkable freedom from crime, was startled last Saturday morning by the report of a terrible murder. Investigation has since shown it to have been one of the most shocking crimes ever committed in Maine. The locality is at Bucks Mills, two or three miles East of the village, and the victims were Capt. Robert T. Trim, a man over 70 years of age, his widowed daughter Melissa Thayer, aged 34, and her little daughter four years old. The following are the particulars, as we gather them from the report of the Bangor Whig and other sources—

The object of the crime is supposed to have been to gain possession of some $800 which it was known in the neighborhood the family kept in the house. Mrs. Thayer's husband died last February, and this money was the proceeds of his estate. She had sold the farm on which she lived in Hampden, and gone to her father's, who was a widower, to keep his house for him. On the evening of the murder Mrs. Thayer went out to call at Chas. Harriman's, and on her way was joined by Miss Ada Snow. The two women went to Harriman's and the post office, returning to Miss Snow's step-father's, Andrew Harriman's, where the murdered woman remained but a few moments, starting at half-past seven for her home, distant about 40 or more rods. This was the last known of her alive. During her absence two young fellows, Benner Emerton and Rufus Moore, were in the house with Mr. Trim and the little girl, having called after the mother went out. They remained until 9 o'clock, and on going out the old man asked them to see where Melissa was, but they, thinking she was in some neighbor's house, went to their homes.

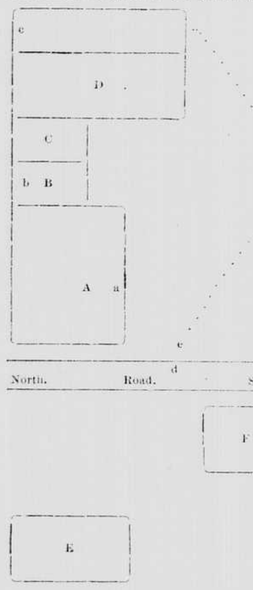
About 1 a. m. Saturday, Mrs. Emerton, who lives directly opposite where Trim's buildings stood, was awakened by a bright light, and getting up saw those buildings in flames.

Neighbors were aroused, and they concluded, as none of the family were seen, that they must have perished in the flames. A horse and cow in the "tie up" of the barn were gotten out, but nothing else was saved. The horse was partly harnessed and the carriage was burned outside the carriage house, but nothing was thought of this till the horrible developments, which the morning light brought out, were known. At daylight, in looking about the premises, a party discovered, about ten rods below Trim's house, on the side of the road which Mrs. Thayer must have travelled after leaving Harriman's, a spot of blood and a bloody stone. At the fence was found a cloud, comb and pair of rubbers worn by the murdered woman. The body as shown by the grass trampled down and successional spots of blood on stones, logs, &c., was dragged from this place to the barn.

Starting thus the theory of the murder is this: Some parties familiar with all the facts above given laid in wait for Mrs Thayer, killed her, and leaving her body in a little hollow over the fence, awaited the departure of the young men from Trim's house, when they completed their deeds of blood by killing the old man and perhaps the little girl, and ransacking, robbing and firing the buildings.

After the discovery of the bloody trail the people waited the dying out of the smouldering fires when their search revealed in the ashes of the barn, where the trail stopped, a few human bones and a number of hair pins, which are supposed to be all that remains of the woman, Melissa Thayer. In the ruins of the carriage house, the charred trunk of Mr. Trim's body was found, and in the cellar of the house a few small bones, supposed to be those of the little girl Josie. The finding of these remains leads to the supposition that the murderer or murderers deposited the body of the murdered woman behind the fence, and as soon as the boys had left the old man, ran out the carriage, which was a ruse to attract the old man to the carriage house, which he could enter from the dwelling, and here he was killed. Some think the little girl was asleep and perhaps was not awakened by the robbers, but left to perish in the flames.

The following diagram will give an idea of the situation of the premises—



A, house; B, carriage house; C, wood house; D, barn; a, supposed remains of little girl; b, of Mr. Trim; c, of Mrs. Thayer; d, where Mrs. Thayer was killed; e, hollow where body was left until boys left Mr. T.'s house; dotted line, where murderer dragged body to barn; E, Jos. H. Emerton's house; F, Andrew Harriman's house, about 30 rods below spot marked d.

It is probable that the murderers spent the time from 10 to 12 o'clock in searching the house, but whether they found the money is not known, and then fired the buildings to obliterate the traces of their crime.

The partial harnessing of the horse and leaving him in the stable is supposed to be a ruse of the robbers to give the idea that the buildings were accidentally fired by tramps trying to steal the animal.

Two officers from Bangor were sent for and went down to the scene of the horror. Suspicion rested on Frank Saunders and one Edward M. Smith. Saunders was found across the river in Hampden Saturday morning, where he told parties he had come to inform friends of Trim of the burning of the buildings. He was taken to Buxton by a deputy sheriff, but disclaims all knowledge of the murder, and his mother and sisters aver that he was at home that night.

Smith, it is said, worked for Andrew Harriman Friday, and left the house a few minutes before Mrs. Thayer and the Snow girl returned, but he did not return. He lived at Bucksport, four miles distant, and was found at home asleep Saturday. Some of the neighbors state that Smith had tried to borrow the money of Mrs. Thayer, but had failed.

Smith is described as about forty years old, and is a hard, bad looking man. He has followed the sea for a living and has been captain of a vessel.

Hundreds of people flocked to the scene of the tragedy Saturday and Sunday, and the wildest excitement prevails. It is one of the most horrible affairs that has transpired in this State for years, if it was ever equalled before.

The coroner's inquest is pursuing its investigations with closed doors, and it is uncertain when it will report a verdict. The following are the recent developments in the case—

It is now an established fact that there were spots on Smith's pants admitted to be blood, and that his coat had been colored with logwood and copperas dye, applied to the outside by a brush, evidently to obliterate blood stains. By this process the dye did not strike through the cloth, and one of the pockets being turned inside out was found to be stiffened with blood. The shirt which he wore on that day is not to be found, although diligent search has been made, and the family state that they do not know where it is. The one he had on when arrested he said he had worn four days, which the officers doubted, as it was but little wrinkled, and on Friday he had worked at a carpenter's bench in his shirt sleeves. One of the family, a miss, to whom the shirt was known, indicated by signs that it was not the one Smith had on the day before, as the sleeve of that one had been smutted from working at the bench. Smith's sister looked at the garment, which the officers had made him take off, and said it was not the one worn the day or two previous, the figure being different. She said positively that she knew it was not, as he had three, the figures of which were different. It was one of these three that he wore Friday, and only two are to be found.

SMITH'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COMING HOME.

When questioned as to his route home and the time of his arrival, having left Harriman's Friday evening a few minutes after 7 o'clock, Smith states that he came through the woods, and the distance over the course he mentions is about seven miles, so that to have come that way would have been a difficult task after night fall, even to one thoroughly familiar with the lay of the land. His statement on this point is confused and doubted. He says that when within about a half mile of home he heard the nine o'clock bell ring, so that he must, if he tells the truth, have been at home by about half-past nine or thereabouts.

WHAT HIS WIFE AND SISTER SAY.

His wife says that she cannot say whether she had been asleep before his arrival or not, and does not know exactly the time of his coming into the house. His sister said once that she could not state positively when he came in, but thought it was before ten o'clock. Now, however, she says he came in before ten for she heard the clock strike after his entrance.

OTHER STATEMENTS OF SMITH.

Smith was before the Coroner's jury all day Monday, and on being asked why he did not go to the scene of the murder on Saturday as others did, said it was because he did not like to look at dead bodies. The blood spots on his clothes he says were caused by carrying a rabbit which he shot, and on being asked where the rabbit was he said that he threw it away in the woods as he got tired of carrying it.

SUGGESTED EXPLANATION.

A gentleman who was questioning the prisoner at the time of his arrest, asked him if he was not at Trim's on Wednesday and a portion of the day Thursday, to which Smith replied that he was. He said further in replies to interrogatories that he did not have any business or excuse for being there. It was suggested to him, that he helped to move a stove, to cut a hole through a chimney, etc., when he recalled those matters and offered them as reasons for being there. The same gentleman on looking at the shirt which Smith said he had worn four days, said to him: This shirt is not so much soiled as the one I have on, which I have worn but two days; now you have worked in this one; if you wore it at labor that would wrinkle and soil it. Why is this not soiled? Your family says you had three calico shirts of different patterns and only two are to be found. Now can you account for the third? To this Smith replied that he could not.

SMITH AT TRIM'S.

On Wednesday evening, it is said, that a young man and lady called at Trim's for Mrs. Thayer to go out to a neighbor's with them, and in the presence of the young lady Mrs. Thayer told her father to tell Smith that he had better go home to his wife and not be hanging about there so much; also that she had said the same in the presence of others. When this was told Smith by one of the officers, he replied —"Then she was a —— hypocrite." Smith and his wife had lived with Mr. Trim previous to Mrs. Thayer's coming home, and did not like to leave as they could live cheaper there than elsewhere, their rent being given them.

FEELING AMONG THE PEOPLE.

The general tone of the conversation among the people who are familiar with all the parties and the known circumstances of the murder is unfavorable to the prisoner whom they think guilty, and it was feared Monday that in case a verdict was reached that day implicating him, mob violence might result, but the steady going, reliable people of that thriving town are too strongly attached to principles of law and order, to resort to lynch law, however damaging evidence may be against any party under suspicion.

RUMORS AND SAY-SOS.

It was said by some yesterday that the points to be established for or against Smith now are reduced to the time of his arrival home Friday night and the accounting for the missing shirt, for the coloring of his coat, and the blood in the pocket, with a very strong probability that he cannot explain these things conclusively. It is certain that important testimony is to come on the question of Smith's whereabouts during Friday night. Even should he explain and back his explanations by other evidence than his, the public statements already made as covering the ground will detract therefrom.

A BAD RECORD.

The statement is made, as showing Smith's bad principles, that a few years ago he attempted to outrage a little girl about twelve years of age, that he failed to accomplish his purpose, and on being charged with it, confessed and offered to pay a sum of money to have the matter dropped, which was done, and since then he has not paid the money and refuses to do so. This has led some to think that the murder of Mrs. Thayer was for the purpose of concealing an outrage of her person, and that the murder of the old man and little girl, robbery, and burning of the buildings was an act determined on and executed afterwards.

Ohio and Indiana. The Result.

The full returns of these states are in, and we are able to state that Indiana has elected Williams, Democrat, Governor, by 5,494 majority. In Ohio, the Republican state ticket succeeded by about 6000 majority. The Cincinnati Enquirer, Democratic, remarks of these elections—

The popularity of Hayes in Ohio does not seem to be immense. In 1867 he reduced the Republican majority of 1866 from 42,696 to 2983. In 1869 he reduced the Presidential majority of the previous year from 41,428 to 7518. His name just now as a Presidential candidate, with all the influence of local pride his candidacy infused, was barely able to carry their Republican State. When we go over into Indiana, which his party lost, or into West Virginia, which the Democrats have also carried, Hayes doesn't appear as a popular Western candidate.

The result of the elections in Ohio and Indiana places the election of Mr. Tilden in November beyond a peradventure. The Democracy of these two States have rendered splendid service to the National Democratic party. Ohio is, or has been, a Republican State since the Republican party was born. The Republican party has never failed to carry the State when a large vote was polled. Looking over the history of the last sixteen years, one will find Republican majorities of 20,000, 55,000, 101,000 54,000, 59,000, 29,000, 42,000 41,000, 34,000; and after superhuman exertions in this Presidential year the Republicans are barely able, it able, to carry the State.

If we look to Indiana we find that she has been Republican in three-fourths of the elections for twenty years. She has in that time cast Republican majorities of 9000, 6000, 9500, 20,000, 21,000, 14,000, 10,000, and 21,000. Gov. Hendricks was elected by a majority of only 1300. The Republicans concentrated their force upon Indiana. The bloody shirt and plenty of money, of which Kilpatrick wrote to Hayes, the "rebel claims," the "rebel debt," the Kentucky negroes, the imported votes from Pennsylvania and New York —all were industriously, desperately used in Indiana; and it seems probable that the Democrats have carried the State in spite of the "bloody shirt and plenty of money," etc., which were expected to make Indiana "safe."

The result of the election is that in Ohio, the home of Hayes, to carry which by a rotund majority Hayes was nominated for the Presidency, the tremendous efforts of the Republican party have scarcely been able to save this Republican State, and that in Indiana, upon which so much of Republican wealth and Republican talent have been expended, the party has been defeated. This guarantees Democratic success in November.

The Case Against Hayes in a Nut-Shell.

[From a Speech by the Hon. S. J. Randall in Philadelphia.]

What is the reason of the prostration of business throughout the country? Why is the mechanic idle and the workshop closed? What party has produced this result? You and I understand this question as well as the ablest orator. It has resulted from the maladministration inflicted upon us by the republican party, and it must be held responsible for its misdeeds. It is not an answer to me to shake the bloody shirt in my face and talk about a war that happened ten years ago. I have been in the south. The southern people are anxious for peace and harmony. As well might you expect a man with one side paralyzed to walk easily as to expect the people to walk onward to prosperity if the south is destitute; if the business of one-half of the country is paralyzed and its people impoverished. When you meet a republican citizen who is idle, ask him why it is. Tell him it is because of the outrageous expenditures of taxes drawn from a prostrated people. The reduction of the late democratic house amounted to thirty millions of dollars, and I tell you the government's expenditures could have been reduced twenty millions more without any injury, and they will be reduced, if the house has its way during its two years of service, eighty millions of dollars. Mr. Garfield of Ohio said on the floor of the house that the democratic party could make reductions in a manner they, the republicans, could not, because, when they turned around and reduced expenses, they trod on some friend's toes. The remedy is to elect a democratic president whose past experience will enable him to grapple with such subjects. Samuel J. Tilden reduced the expenses of the state of New York $8,000,000 in a single year, and I guarantee that if he is elected president, with a co-operative house and senate, he will save to the tax-payers two hundred millions in the four years of his administration. This meeting to-night convinces me that the same spirit pervades this state as in Ohio and Indiana, and information I have from both states leads me to think they will be carried by the democracy, despite Mr. Blaine's eloquence.

Terrible Explosion.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 12. About nine o'clock this morning a battery of boilers in the Sable Iron Works, owned by C. Zog & Co., on Pike street, this city, exploded and instantly killed eighteen men and wounded 50. The boilers were in the nail-making department of the mill, and the shock was distinctly felt over at points three miles away from the mill. The roof and frame of the building were lifted 50 feet into the air, and a moment after the explosion the other buildings were in flames. The force of the explosive power was so great, and seems to have been so evenly distributed upon all parts of the boilers, that they were broken into hundreds of pieces, the largest being less than one-fourth of one of them. A portion of one was carried across the river to Alleghany, and landed at Beyer & Banman's lead works, on River avenue. Another large piece going in the same direction dashed through the roof of the muck mill, on the opposite side of the street, tearing down two of the furnaces, snapping great timbers like splinters, and breaking down the huge crane which is used to lift tons of iron and metal. The falling furnaces ignited the mill, and it was partly consumed before the flames could be checked.

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FOR PRESIDENT,

Samuel J. Tilden,

OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Thomas A. Hendricks,

OF INDIANA.

For Electors of President and Vice-President:
At Large—JOSEPH TITCOMB,
CHARLES W. ROBERTS.

1st Dist.—BION BRADBURY.
2d Dist.—GALEN C. MOSES.
3d Dist.—JOHN C. MANSON.
4th Dist.—HASTINGS STRICKLAND.
5th Dist.—JAMES R. TALBOT.

The Lesson of the October Elections.

The Democracy set out in the Presidential campaign with the knowledge that they controlled enough of the states of the Union to elect their candidates for President and Vice President, and with a handsome margin to spare. They reasoned that it was only necessary to hold their own, to keep control of the states which they had, and they were sure of victory. In all the elections that have since taken place, they have kept fully up to this mark. Not a state has lapsed to radicalism—not one has wavered in its adhesion to Democracy. The great interest that clustered about Ohio and Indiana has resulted, like the rest of the elections, in the Democratic party holding its own by retaining Indiana, while Republicanism, with all its strenuous efforts, has barely succeeded in saving the state in which its Presidential candidate resides. As a strong indicator in the October contest, West Virginia, with five electoral votes, went largely Democratic—so unexpectedly large as to show a strong drift of popular sentiment towards Democracy and Reform. West Virginia had twice given her vote for Grant, and was more likely than any other southern state to support his party this year, and the fact of its very strong Democratic majority at this time, when two U. S. Senators are pending, evidences the popular tendency. It means a solid south for Tilden.

The Democrats fought most determined battles in Ohio and Indiana, contesting every inch of ground—but they did not do this because either state was necessary to Presidential success. Tilden and Hendricks can be elected without either state, as a matter of fact. The Electoral College will have 369 votes, of which 185 constitute a majority. The southern states which are now all conceded to Tilden, give unitedly 138 voters—leaving 47 to come from the North, as necessary to success. Of the states now in Democratic control, and regarded as certain to go for Tilden- New York has 35 votes, New Jersey 9, Connecticut 6, California 6, Oregon 3 — making 59. or twelve more than are required.

It will be seen at once that the key of the political position is the state of New York. There the great fight will be carried on, and victory won or defeat encountered. Either party *might* succeed without it, but such a success is scarcely possible, unless a great and overwhelming political revolution takes place in November, one that shall carry everything before it in favor of a change of administration. But assuming that the two parties are to contend in a fair stand up fight for the electoral vote of the state, with pretty near their strength as developed in the last few years—what will be the probable result? First, the Democrats have carried the state in three consecutive elections, beginning in 1873, by an average majority of 25,000. In 1874 Governor Tilden was elected by the very large majority of 50,000, owing largely to his great personal popularity and his reputation as a reformer of abuses. During his administration, the Governor has not only maintained his reputation as a reformer, by attacking and routing the public plunderers, but he has reduced the state expenditures and consequently the taxes, by many millions. These things were not done in a corner. They are patent, and known of all men.

Is it to be supposed, then, that Gov. Tilden, backed by this prestige, by his reputation as an honest man and a reformer, by hosts of the warmest friends in all parties, and by the great and powerful Democratic party of New York, that demanded his nomination for Presidency, is to be defeated in his own state, and its electoral vote given to a citizen of Ohio? Can state pride be so humbled? Can her people forget the great need of such a champion of reform in the White House? It is not possible that all these strong considerations can be overcome. They will have their sway and full effect, and the ballots that shall descend like snow flakes on the seventh of November in the great Empire State, will proclaim that her chief executive has been called to go up higher, and will marshal the way to the Presidential chair.

The bloody shirt didn't have so much effect in Ohio and Indiana as in Maine. They are close to the South, and saw through the humbug.

The majority claimed by the Republicans in Indiana was like the Indian's rum that "lasted d—d quick."

More Murders.

If our recollection is correct, the victims of the Bucksport tragedy make eight persons who have been murdered in Maine since the passage last winter of a law abolishing capital punishment. The lapse of time has not only strengthened the views of those who opposed the removal of an important safeguard to human life, but in the light of subsequent experience, has demonstrated the correctness of that view. It is the misfortune of the community, and especially of those who have perished by the hand of the murderer, that we are living at a time when an exaggerated feeling of humanity, a sort of philanthropy run mad, is fashionable. It is a strange thing that a few men in the state who have conceived the idea that human life is too sacred to be taken under any circumstances, should be the indirect means of sacrificing many innocent lives, through a mistaken leniency towards assassins. These men who appear before Legislative committees, and make such moving appeals against the gallows, and such reasoning in favor of the greater severity of life imprisonment, make great mistakes.

They forget that the class of criminals in question have little or no dread of a prison life. Such a punishment inspires no terror in their low and stolid natures. To them it means simply a home until some hoped for accident or chance shall set them free. It gives them the element of hope, which should never be permitted to have a part in a murderer's calculation. He should be allowed to contemplate only a short, direct road to the gallows, and that as a certainty. Governor Dix made an admirable reply in refusing to commute the punishment of a brutal murderer in New York. He said "The man who aims a murderous blow at the life of a fellow citizen, must be made to feel that his own is in immediate and certain danger," and it spoke volumes concerning the duty of the community in respect to this most abhorred and dangerous class of criminals.

Take the example of the shocking murders at Bucksport. There was a man so devoid of feeling of humanity, so low down and brutal, such a human wolf, as to deliberately plan and execute the murder of a woman, an old man and a little child—beat them to death with stones and clubs—all for the sake of acquiring the few hundred dollars in money which they were supposed to possess. What are the lives of such fiends worth, except to be taken as warning to others that a like fate awaits them, if their propensities for blood are not restrained? There is no use in talk about appealing to their moral nature and better feelings. They have none. Their natures are so base, so nearly allied to the brutes, that nothing operates to deter from crime except fear. The fear of punishment, certain and sure, and that punishment death, will protect the lives of the community, and nothing else will. The State of Michigan found it necessary to re-establish capital punishment, and so will Maine. Let society cease to show mercy to those who themselves show none. Let us refrain from protecting murderers, and look to the safety of the lives of honest citizens, innocent women and helpless children.

Maine was by no means the only locality visited by the snow storm of Sunday. There was more snow and colder weather in other places. In Ottawa, Canada, Saturday, six inches of snow fell, and in Quebec there was a heavy storm and the street cars were stopped by it. On Sunday, in St. Albans, Vt., the mercury was ten degrees below the freezing point, and the ground covered with snow. In New York there was a slight fall of snow. Snow also fell at Boston and in various places in Maine; three inches in Gardiner and three inches in Bangor. At Bath a snow storm set in early in the morning and continued until 4 P. M. The wind was high, blowing the snow like winter. The sidewalks were covered with snow and ice There were three or four inches of snow on the ground Monday morning. At Lewiston there was not snow enough to cover the ground. Snow fell as far south as Washington.

Gen. Corse, who was prominent at the reunion of Democratic soldiers at Indianapolis, commanded at Allatoona and repulsed Hood's army in his terrific attack and attempt to break through the mountain pass. The story is told with dramatic interest in Sherman's memoirs. Corse was assailed by the radical papers, the other day, as a copperhead and rebel, and yet that reunion was the anniversary of the day on which he wrote the following—

ALLATOONA, GA., Oct. 6, 1864—2 P. M.
Captain L. M. Dayton, Aide-de-Camp: I am short a cheek-bone and an ear, but am able to whip all h—l yet! My losses are heavy. A force moving from Stilesboro' to Kingston gives me some anxiety. Tell me where Sherman is. JOHN M. CORSE, Brigadier-General.

A great many strange things happen in Lewiston. The latest is the revelation, by court proceedings, of a sort of Joseph and Mrs. Potiphar affair. A Mr. Johnson testified that a young woman, bearing the sweet name of Zilphar Hunnewell, induced him to call at her room, locked the door, and made an attempt upon his chastity. Zilpha says she didn't, but that Johnson himself acted very badly. The Judge was greatly puzzled, and at last accounts hadn't given any decision.

Hon. Francis O. J. Smith, died at his house near Portland on Saturday, of heart disease. Mr. Smith was a man of great ability and energy, who in former years had taken a prominent part in politics and in railroad and telegraph enterprises. He owned, we think, a considerable interest in the Morse telegraph patent. He was a member of Congress from Maine from 1833 to 1837. His age was 70.

It is difficult to compel honesty in people who havn't it interwoven in the warp and woof of their being. The Boston horse railroad companies thought they had secured a patent thief discourager in the bell punch. But they awoke one day to the fact that the conductors were in the habit of stealing the old punched tickets, and turning them in again.

A year ago a ruffian made a wholly unprovoked and murderous assault on Mr. Drisko, editor of the Machias Union. The intention doubtless was to kill him. His life was for a time despaired of. Last week the scoundrel was sentenced, by the Chief Justice, to only three years in State prison. The opinion is general that justice was too much tempered with mercy.

The fire on board the bark Europa, in New York, by which six men lost their lives, proves to have been caused by a carpenter who lighted his pipe and dropped the match among some oakum and shavings. The pipe heads the list of incendiaries.

South Carolina.

The condition of affairs in this unfortunate state is getting to be more serious than ever. In answer to the application of Governor Chamberlain, the President has issued a proclamation commanding the rifle clubs to disperse. Secretary of War Cameron has instructed Gen. Ruger, commanding the department, to enforce the proclamation, which instructions close as follows—

It is hoped that a collision may be avoided, but you will instruct Gen. Ruger to let it be known that it is the fixed purpose of the Government to carry out the spirit of the proclamation and to sustain it by the military force of the General Government, supplemented if necessary, by the militia of the various States.

The proclamation is a one sided affair. It makes no allusion to the negroes who are armed with government rifles, and are more dangerous to the public peace than the whites, because of their ignorance, and of inflammatory appeals constantly made to them by demagogues. The real danger against which this proclamation is directed, is the danger of a Democratic victory at the polls. We fear that still greater trials are in store for unhappy South Carolina.

The police and newspapers of New York are puzzled over a case of shooting in that city on Friday. A woman known as Mrs. Cheeseman lived in elegant apartments on Sixth Avenue. She was regularly visited by a man who passed as her husband. On Friday night a dispute was heard followed by two pistol shots, and the woman rushed out crying that she had been shot. An examination showed that she had received a pistol shot in the region of the heart. There was also a bullet found in the door post. After having her wound dressed, the woman declared that she had shot herself, and that no one else was to blame. It is believed, however, that the shot was fired by her reputed husband, and that she is trying to screen him. He has disappeared. It is one of the curious phases of city life.

Mr. Grinnell, of Washington, Knox County, has become famous as the reputed captor of a fresh water sea serpent. A Rockland telegram, published in all the papers, says—

Mr. Williston Grinnell of Washington, with several others, were sailing on Medomack Lake a day or two since, and while making a landing saw a serpent about ten feet in length lying in the water close in shore. The occupants of the boat all skedaddled from the monster except Mr. Grinnell, who went for the serpent with an oar, and soon rendered his snakeship *hors du combat*. The snake is of a dull brown color, and has a fin running from head to tail along the back. The head is very long, and the teeth this monster carries plainly show that much execution could be done with them. Some people are claiming this to be the veritable sea serpent.

One paper intimates that people who go on sailing excursions frequently see strange visions as the result of an exalted state. But as Mr. Grinnell is a man of sobriety and a subscriber to the Journal, that theory is not admissible. We should like to have his account of the matter. If he says that he captured such a "snake" we are bound to believe it

Mr. Blaine having replied, by a communication in a western paper, to Bion Bradbury's comments on his speech referring to Judge Clifford's decision, Mr. Bradbury rejoins in the Argus, demolishing Blaine's defence of his course. That attack on Judge Clifford was one of the worst mistakes that Blaine ever made.

Dr. Holmes' famous "one horse shay" was covered with leather made from

"a hide
That was found in the vat when the tanner died."

The following paragraph chronicles the discovery of a large mine of the kind—

The location of L. F. Busiel's mill, at Laconia, was formerly occupied by a tannery, and in digging for a foundation for a new dye house recently, thirty-one sides of leather, in a good state of preservation, were found, which had doubtless been buried for thirty years past.

The situation growing out of Turkish affairs is considered very critical, and the belief is general that a war in Europe, that will involve many of the great powers, is about to commence. Russia expects war, and is all ready.

The full name of the Democratic candidate for Presidential elector in the third district, is John C. Manson, and it should be so printed on all the ballots. It has been printed in the paper J. C. Manson.

Mr. Smith has sold his interest in the Pittsfield Times, to his partner, Mr. Geo. W. Pendleton, who will conduct it in future. Pittsfield is a smart and thriving town, and ought to liberally support a weekly paper.

Two boys, who had probably surfeited themselves with yellow covered literature, and resolved to turn pirates, were arrested at Owl's Head on Saturday, in possession of the yacht Arrow, which they had stolen from Boston.

Mr. Hale hurried back to Ellsworth immediately after the western elections. He finds more satisfaction in the fifth district returns than in those from Ohio and Indiana.

It is laughable to observe how quick the Republican cry of "Great victory in Indiana" changed to "Great Democratic frauds."

Since the Indiana election, Sitting Bull Morton is uneasy in his seat.

Ex-Gov. Gaston, who was nominated for Congress, has declined.

Just two weeks from next Tuesday to Tilden's election.

Gov. Chamberlain of South Carolina has applied to the President for troops to assist in preserving order in that State. This call is made under the provision of the old constitution, which provides that assistance shall be rendered in suppressing domestic disturbance or resistance to the authorities. Political feeling is at the bottom, together with a hope that resistance may be provoked to aid the bloody shirt idea. The radicals are alarmed at the support Wade Hampton is receiving from decent men of all parties, and hope to create a disturbance. But the Democrats, both white and colored, are determined that there shall be none. A dispatch from Columbus, S. C., dated the 14th, has the following—

Gen. Auger, commander of the department of the South, arrived in Columbia this morning. He had a long consultation with Gov. Chamberlain and with the Chairman of the Democratic State committee, and assured them both that as far as it was in his power he would secure to South Carolina a fair and honest election. He would protect Democrats and Republicans alike, but the three or four companies of regular troops now in South Carolina could only be used to prevent open warfare and enforce the laws of the United States.

Gen. Auger has conveyed to Gen. Wade Hampton, the Democratic candidate for Governor, the information that if there are any Democratic negroes who fear violence at the hands of Republican colored men he will do his best to protect them. At the same time, however, he will do everything in his power to stop the Cornwell and Aiken outrages and secure to all negroes the rights which are guaranteed to them by the national constitution.

A fossil track has been found near Hartford, Connecticut. It is the impression of a man's left foot in a stone of the soft muddy foundation found in many places on the banks of the Connecticut river, and is supposed to have been made by Senator Eaton. [Portland Press.

His other foot was doubtless engaged in aiding the departure of the officials of the late Republican state administration

Centennial Notes.

Correspondence of the Journal.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12th.

While waiting for my soup at dinner last evening, I glanced round the restaurant noting the astonishing variety of persons crowded into one apartment It was somewhat difficult to realize that we were in Philadelphia, that city of such quiet fashions and exclusive habits that the rest of the world had had hitherto no definite knowledge of his extent or ability. At the very next table sat the President of the Austrian Commission, whose name I might master courage to pronounce, but as for attempting to spell it,—excuse me! The Count is a pleasant-faced comfortable-looking gentleman, not yet fifty years old. He comes in modestly enough, takes his place and dispatches his orders, then glances round at his neighbors with such a kindly look that meeting his mild blue eye you feel half inclined to nod a friendly recognition. Perhaps some acquaintance of his enters. Then it is good to see the hearty greeting, the perfect courtesy of manner and the marvellous good fellowship of their pleasant chat. While I watched them there was a bit of stir near the door, and everybody looked up to see the richest mandarin of China entering with two American gentlemen. We have all grown familiar with this notable Celestial, for he is to be seen every day at the Main building, but last night he was gorgeous beyond any previous revelation. He wears the queerly shaped Chinese shoe, cut almost as low as a slipper, and I privately wonder how he keeps his stockings so clean. His petticoats—they are nothing else—are of heavy purple brocade; when he walks they flap about his ankles in most awkward style, seeming to resent masculine adoption, as any petticoat ought which had the slightest delicacy of feeling. His loose sacque or tunic was a light blue. The silk was stiff with the rich embroidery of dragons and flowers and darting insects that covered it, and the great hanging sleeves irrisistably reminded you of those "twenty-four packs" which Bret Harte's heathen Chinee so adroitly concealed. On his head he had the inevitable dark blue skull cap, finished with the red button of his class, and his fair girlish face, without any symptom of beard or moustache, made it difficult for one to fancy him a man of authority. His long queue, deftly braided, hung far below his waist, and his remarkably delicate hands added still further to his feminine appearance. He took the universal staring with the utmost nonchalance, read the bill of fare as if he perfectly understood its queer mixture of English and French, and then applied himself to the discussion of his dinner with great zest. Round a table in the centre of the room sat six South Americans, young men all of them; they talk as fast as they eat, and since they do both at a high rate of speed, you can imagine the clatter. The next group are Englishmen: true Britons with an amazing air of general swelldom, from their immense scarfs to the tips of their toes. They call the waiter "garçon" as often as possible; they say they had a "beastly" time of it getting in from the grounds, and carrying on their conversation in extremely audible tones, we are edified by the utterance of more slang than an American party, pretending to any culture whatever, could think of using. Just then in walked a tall man with an extremely striking face, but such a head as one rarely sees. It was cut almost at right angles on all sides. Large at the base it narrowed as it rose; the back was perfectly flat, and a phrenologist would say there was not a generous impulse in his nature. "I don't think there is," observed my friend, who knew him. "He is one of the most noted lottery men in the Union, and notorious a few years ago for killing Col. Duryea in front of the Hoffman House." His wife was with him, dressed as the wives of such men do dress, in most elegant style; she had evidently been a beauty once, and her eyes are still fine, but the lines round the mouth are those which unhappiness and discontent always curves, and the rouge on the cheeks only makes the absence of natural bloom more apparent. A little boy calls her "mamma," but what heritage will he his? Over by the window there is a pretty little bride, as fresh and sweet as any flower. How she enjoys pouring the young husband's coffee, and how charmingly she blushes every five minutes. The door opens and a tall handsome man comes in, whose face carries me swiftly back to the last public reception given by poor Mrs. Belknap, for there I saw him last, so vigorously talking with the beautiful hostess, that his impatience at the interruption of every new comer was comically apparent. He is a Frenchman, with all a Frenchman's gallantry, and he bowed with extreme devotion over the hand of a fair lady who gladly made room for him at her own table. Now come a party of young Jews. Handsome fellows are these Israelites, and one of the young ladies with them is royally beautiful—a perfect sultana, with flashing eyes and scarlet lips, with the rich blood flushing the creamy skin and rows of whitest teeth shining at every smile. She wears the saucy Gainesborough hat, but it suits her admirably, and life is evidently to her a delicious experience. Meantime, in the corridor there stands a crowd of people waiting, not very patiently for their turn. It is a multiplied case of "the little pig who had roast beef, and the other little pig who had none," very funny to the pig who is eating his beef, but not at all amusing to the hungry waiters. Everything is full now; people submit with laughter to discomfort and inconvenience, paying absurd prices for the slightest accommodation, and cracking grim jokes over mutual misery, for the Centennial Exhibition must be seen now or not at all, and people are just beginning to realize how great is the marvel thereof. In June and July the heat was dreadful, to be sure, but not half so intolerable as the bitter cold which holds high carnival in the great buildings during these frosty mornings. We laughed at "the reign of the duster," but waterproofs and blanket shawls are not a bit more picturesque. The Commissioners are wise in adhering to the original date of closing. It is impossible to heat those vast spaces to any comfortable temperature, and the warmest enthusiasm would never keep our teeth from chattering in late November.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Away down at the East end of the Main building you will find the King's Treasuries, of which Ruskin so eloquently wrote. Of course I looked for familiar names, but there were not very many. Osgood & Co. of Boston display only one small case of standard books, richly but soberly bound, though over in Machinery Hall their process of Heliotyping has its place, attracting crowds of visitors.

Orange Judd & Co. have tasteful cases, containing all sorts of agricultural works, beside an array of Crandall's building blocks, which sends the little folks into ecstacies of covetous excitement.

Lippincott has the most noticeable exhibition. His case alone cost over two thousand dollars, while behind its glass doors you find every variety of splendid binding known to modern times. Book lovers enjoy the outward adorning of their favorites with exquisite pleasure. One magnificent Bible is valued at $250.00. The decoration of its cover employed one man steadily for six weeks and no wonder! The binding is of crushed Levant morocco, heavily panelled. There in this rich back-ground, bright colored moroccos are inlaid, tracing most intricate patterns and the daintiest gilding enhances the general effect. The loveliest bindings are those of white vellum. The texture of that material is so smooth and soft, and the simplicity of ornament chosen suits it so well that nothing can be finer.

Prof. Ronhaux has purchased two of the vellum bound volumes for the Royal Polytechnic Academy at Berlin, to show what perfect work Americans are doing. An edition of Dickens valued at $150, attracted me even more than the pure beauty of the vellum, for I know that, however costly the binding, it only fitly covered those matchless writings. The characters of very few authors become to us realities, but those of Dickens are constantly beside us, living, moving and uttering their characteristic phrases every hour. Holman, also of Philadelphia, displays a great variety of Bibles. His trade mark is a dove holding an olive branch in his beak above an open Bible, upon whose pages you read "Let there be light!" There are as superb bindings here as anywhere, and then, more interesting still, copies of the scripture whose paper is brown with age, and whose quaint type has hardly a family likeness to that which we know. It is the first Bible ever printed in English in America. Its publisher was a Philadelphian, Robert Aitken, and the date it bears is 1782. There is a German Bible printed in 1743; one in the Indian language translated by the missionary John Eliot in 1666. Beside these comes the first quarto copy dated 1791, and the first quarto was st

On Tuesday evening, as Mr. Mitchell of the Phenix House and another man were driving rapidly into town, on the Upper Bridge road, their team came in collision with the wagon of S. D. Brown, containing himself and wife. All four persons were thrown out, receiving bruises, and the wagons were wrecked.

Belfast people continue to travel centennial-ward. The following are the recent departures—Charles B. Hazeltine and family, B. P. Hazeltine and wife, Mrs. Benj. Hazeltine, Miss Annie White, Hiram Chase, A. E. Durham, Mrs. Geo. O. Bailey, Mr. Geo. L. Wight and wife, Mrs. B. Conant, Mrs. W. W. Castle, Mrs. Samuel Otis and daughter, Miss Annie Wildes, Miss Annie Piper, Mrs. William Winslow, Cutter Sibley, Miss L. Angler, T. Gannon and wife, L. H. March, William C. Marshall, Everett Wadlin.

O. G. Critchett and party, who have been hunting in the wilds of Maine for two weeks, returned on Monday, loaded with the spoils of the chase. The locality visited is known as Lake Nickatou, in one of the northernmost townships in Hancock County. The woods abound with all kinds of game—deer and bears being very plenty—while the streams are alive with fish. As trophies they brought home a live deer, captured while attempting to swim the lake; also the skin of a large black bear, killed by the party. The carcass was left over night at the place where it was killed, and the next morning they went to get a bear steak for breakfast and found that the body had been entirely consumed by other bears. Among other sports was a tramp of about ten miles in the snow storm of last Sunday. They concluded on the whole, however, that there can be as much enjoyment crowded into two weeks in the interior of Maine, as on any part of the globe.

There was an exciting liquor chase on Tuesday evening. It became known that a lot of seven barrels, with kegs and demijohns packed inside, would arrive by the evening train, and officers were waiting for it at the station. But it was put off at the City Point station, where a team was in readiness to receive it. In the hasty handling one of the packages was broken, and the liquor ran in piteous streams across the platform. Sheriff Norton, City Marshal Patterson and officer Harding soon learned that the liquor had been switched off and gone towards ward 4. A chase ensued, up hill and down dale, but the enterprising custodians of the rum got away with it.

THE SUPERIOR JUDICIAL COURT, Judge Barrows presiding, commenced its October session in this city on Tuesday. The business will probably be very light; there are few cases of importance to be heard, and will be few of any kind for the juries. The case of Francis Whitmore vs. Ford Gay, for slander, will probably be the first case tried. The following is a list of the jurors in attendance:

GRAND JURY.

Augustus Perry, Foreman,	Belfast.
John S. Ayer,	Palermo.
John B. Black,	Searsport.
James Carter,	Frankfort.
Benj. A. Curtis,	Monroe.
Geo. H. Fisher,	Winterport.
John French,	Lincolnville.
J. H. Frye,	Montville.
Wm. M. Johnson,	Belfast.
J. M. Lafurley,	Stockton.
James Leeman,	Liberty.
Richard Maddox,	Searsmont.
Joseph R. Mears,	Morrill.
Charles B. Murch,	Unity.
Alfred E. Nickerson,	Swanville.
Andrew N. Patterson,	Belfast.
Thomas P. Tyler,	Troy.

FIRST TRAVERSE JURY.

Joshua T. Elliot, Foreman,	Freedom.
William Berry,	Barnham.
R. G. Campbell,	Winterport.
John Cain,	Palermo.
William N. Crosby,	Brooks.
Emerson Davis,	Jackson.
Samuel G. Ellis,	Belfast.
Robert Emery,	"
William Ford,	Swanville.
Abram Goodwin,	Unity.
S. K. Gilman,	Montville.
Taylor A. Gilman,	Searsmont.

SECOND TRAVERSE JURY.

Joseph T. Pottle, Foreman,	Lincolnville.
Alfred Glass,	Prospect.
D. W. Higgins,	Belmont.
James R. Kingsbury,	Frankfort.
Stephen F. Larabee,	Searsport.
Samuel Mortland,	"
R. R. Paul,	Waldo.
Rufus R. Pierce,	Troy.
Freeman W. Shepherd,	Belfast.
Charles E. Sherman,	Liberty.
Harrison Small,	Stockton.
Thomas A. Snow,	Winterport.

SUPERNUMERARIES.

Nathan Stearns,	Monroe.
Hiram Tracy,	Northport.
John A. Veazy,	Knox.
Joseph F. Knowles,	Islesboro.

A woman preached a sermon in Brooklyn last Sabbath, and a lively reporter for one of the New York papers relates the occurence in this style—

Then a matron made for kisses, in the liveliest of dresses, and with eyes that shone more brightly than the diamonds that she wore, spoke in tones of lute-like sweetness, words of such exceeding fitness, phrases of such happy neatness, that we clapped our hands for more, as with grace she left the floor.

She was fitted for a preacher in the church of truthful Beecher, where the text is spoke in kisses, and the sermon is of blisses, that the saintly, lovelid teacher never, never knew before, where pure rewardless suspected, when unduly detected, is paid a hundred thousand not to do so any more; only this and nothing more.

Knox County Fair.

ROCKLAND, Me., Oct 12. The closing day of the Knox County Fair has been the most successful and interesting of the whole three. The crowning event of the fair was the baby show this afternoon. At an early hour the spacious hall was filled to suffocation, and so much interest was manifested in this event that the crowd did not cease pouring into the hall until the very last minute to the closing up of the fair. Forty babies were entered for premiums. The awards were rendered as follows: For the handsomest baby between 1 and 2 years, Mrs. Thomas Dermot, Rockland, for girl 22 months old, largest baby of its age, Mrs. Warren Crockett, Rockland, for boy 13 months old, weighing 26 pounds; handsomest baby under 1 year, Mrs. R. C. Hall, Rockland, for girl 9 months old; largest baby under 1 year, Mrs. Andrew Evans, Rockland, for girl 11 months old, weighing 19 1-2 pounds; Mrs. Fidelia Merrifield, of Hope, out of the society limits, exhibited a girl baby of 5 months weighing 20 pounds, and received a gratuity. Committees made their announcement of awards for the various premiums during the fair, at the conclusion of the baby show. The fair has been a success financially, and the trustees have reason to congratulate themselves with the record of their tenth annual gathering.

Judge Mackey, Republican, of South Carolina relates some facts which should show Northern Republicans what is the animus of Chamberlain, and how he is conducting the election. He shows that the Governor, himself a candidate for re-election, has managed to obtain "a Board of State Canvassers of Election and a Returning Board, the majority of whose members are candidates on Chamberlain's ticket, and ninety-six Commissioners of Election in the several counties, seventy of whom are Chamberlain's declared partisans, while of the last number some forty are county treasurers and auditors or trial justices, holding lucrative offices by his appointment, and removable from office at his pleasure, or are known to him as declared candidates for office, endorsing his ticket, who unseat themselves if they make a declaration of the election which seats the candidates opposed to Chamberlain and his ticket."

The following sketch of an important case in New York will be of interest to residents of Deer Isle, and those acquainted with the excursions of Mr. Keteltas to that place some years ago—

Wm. A. Keteltas, of New York, died at the age of 58, in January, on Deer Isle, on the coast of Maine, where he had been in the habit of spending his summers. He was reported to be a bachelor, and had been for several years a hard drinker. His next of kin were a brother, Eugene M. Keteltas, and several nieces. He made a will in February, 1873, appointing his brother executor, and after making four bequests, including the income of $10,000 for life to "Mary C. Green, now living with me," divided the residue "between and among my next of kin, according to the statute now in force." After his death Mary Green, who had lived with him for fifteen years, claimed to have been married to him in October, 1875, in her mother's house, on Deer Isle. After the will was admitted to probate she asked for an advance of $5,000, as being entitled as widow of the testator to one-half the real and personal estate, valued at $400,000, after payment of the legacies. The executors opposed, claiming that the alleged marriage was invalid, having been a dumb show performed in his presence when he was too intoxicated to know anything, and urging also that such advances could be made only where the right to a distributive share under the will was not in dispute. Surrogate Calvin granted her the advance, and the case was argued in New York Tuesday before the Supreme Court, General Term, on appeal. Decision was reserved.

One physician helped five babies into this wicked world inside of twenty-four hours this week. How's that for an increase in population? [Gardiner Reporter.

Can't tell. Ascertain how many he helped out of it, and strike the balance.

She was a fisherman's widow. His smack had gone down in darkness and tempest, and so had he. Morning, noon and night she paced the beach for some memento of him. She watched the sea birds come and go. She heard the legend of the waves, and that was all. And yet it wasn't. One golden eve, with heaving heart and starting eye-balls, she espied a bottle dancing towards her on the billows. It came within her reach. She clutched it eagerly, chewed out the cork, put the muzzle to her mouth, found not a drop of whiskey in it, and dropped like a lifeless lump upon the shore. And so they found her, working the sand with her toes. Finis. [Yarmouth Register.

Judge Harrington, the new greenback candidate for governor in Indiana, was approached by Senator Morton with $10,000 of Chandler's corruption fund, and an attempt to buy him off as Wolcott had been bought. He drew out a confession that the offered $10,000 was a part of Z. Chandler's gigantic corruption fund—and then he exposed the performance, to a great meeting in Indianapolis.

A prisoner before Judge Peters the other day, in Oxford county, was asked if he had anything to say before sentence. His limbs were unsteady, and his eyes were set, but he got on his feet and politely inquired, "Pon what subject would your Honor be pleased to have me 'dress the court?" Judge Peters did not press the request.

An exceedingly narrow escape occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad. A Pullman car caught fire near Morristown. Superintendent Jackson of the road, and a large party of prominent railway men, were asleep in their berths. The doors were locked on the outside, and it was with the greatest difficulty that attention was called to their great peril. They were all rescued, but one or two were slightly injured. The car was consumed.

Ellsworth sent to the Grand Banks this season six vessels with about ninety men. All of which have returned bringing nearly 7000 quintals of fish.

Probate Court.

WM. M. RUST, JUDGE. B. P. FIELD, REGISTER.

The following business was transacted at the October term of said Court—

ADMINISTRATION GRANTED ON ESTATES OF—Asa A. Southworth, late of Belfast, Dana B. Southworth Administrator; William G. Piper, late of Searsport, Clark M. Marden Administrator de bonis non; Lyman Littlefield, late of Winterport, Sophronia Littlefield Administratrix; William Thompson, late of Winterport, Fred L. Thompson Executor; Charles Meservey, late of Morrill, Samuel Kingsbury Executor.

GUARDIANS APPOINTED—James Linscott over minor heir of Jefferson Leighton, late of Palermo; Elliot H. Banton over minor heirs of Judith F. Banton, late of Freedom; Lucy M. Southworth over minor heirs of Asa A. Southworth, late of Belfast.

LICENSE TO SELL REAL ESTATE ON ESTATES OF—Luther Davis, late of Freedom; Lewis M. Wetherbee, late of Belmont; minor heirs of Hanson W. Young, late of Waldo; minor heirs of Mary Bergin, late of Searsport.

INVENTORIES FILED ON ESTATES OF—William H. Laughton, late of Searsmont; Henry S. Clement, late of Winterport; Dunamer Toward, late of Freedom; William Taber, late of Unity; Alden Robbins, late of Lincolnville; Jotham Chalmers, of Unity, a minor; minor heirs of Samuel Wells, late of Winterport; minor heir of Mary Bargin, late of Searsport.

LIST OF CLAIMS RETURNED ON ESTATES OF—William Keating, late of Searsmont; Furber Young, late of Palermo; John West, late of Belfast.

ACCOUNTS ALLOWED ON ESTATES OF—Susan Clement, late of Montville; George O. Clement, late of Montville; Henry Avery, late of Belfast; Franklin Cochran, late of Searsport; William Berry, late of Stockton, Lot V. Bartlett, late of Waldo; Theophilus Eaton, late of Searsport; Annie M. Morrison (now Bradstreet), of Palermo, a minor; William Prescott, a non compos, of Troy; minor heir of John and Abbie B. Pace, late of Belfast.

WARRANT OF DOWER ISSUED ON ESTATE OF—John West, late of Belfast.

WARRANT OF INSOLVENCY ISSUED ON ESTATE OF—Benjamin Sidelinger, late of Troy.

ALLOWANCE TO WIDOW ON ESTATE OF—Henry Avery, late of Belfast.

WILLS PROBATED OF—Dorothy Poland, late of Prospect, wherein she devises her real estate to her grandchild Lyman G. Crocker; Henry Shute, late of Stockton, wherein after giving to his wife one-third of his real estate, and sundry legacies to his children, he gives the balance of all his property, real and personal, to his son Isaac Shute; Charles Meservey, late of Morrill; William Thompson, late of Winterport.

Your life can be saved by HUNT'S REMEDY. HUNT'S REMEDY cures Dropsy and all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians to die, have been saved by HUNT'S REMEDY, and are now with us as living witnesses of its value.

The past season has been dull with many of the first class hotels, but that old and standard favorite, the American of Boston, has evinced its enterprise and success by making many alterations and improvements, not the least of which is the introduction of wash fonts and running water in one hundred and fifty of its rooms that were not so supplied before.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

Asthma is relieved, by inhaling the hot vapors of the "Solution of Forest Tar."

Why was the first of September like the transgression of Adam? Because it was the beginning of Fall.

Sulphur is one of the oldest and best established remedies for skin diseases known to the profession. No suitable vehicle had been found by which to apply it to skin diseases on the face until GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP furnished that *desideratum*. Sold everywhere.

Nearly all the post-offices in Texas are in charge of "females." It works so well that the males now arrive and depart every hour in the day.

From a well-known Manufacturer.

Springfield, Vt., April 21, 1871.

Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Sons:

Gentlemen—Several years ago I was attacked with a severe lung difficulty, which was quite alarming. I had several night sweats, and all the premonitary symptoms of Consumption. After having tried several remedies and the skill of physicians without benefit, I was induced to use WISTAR'S BALSAM, the first bottle of which afforded immdiate relief; and a continuance of its use soon restored me to my usual health. For twenty-five years past it has never failed to afford entire satisfaction in all cases of colds, or any throat or lung difficulties. I know of no medicine I consider its equal. Yours truly, JAMES MITCHELL.

"A girl died in Vermont the other day from poison in the colored stockings which she had been in the habit of wearing." This should serve as a lesson to girls not to pull their colored stockings on with their teeth.

True Merit Will Win.

A few years since the proprietors of Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound introduced it here. It was not puffed, but sold on its merits. Our people soon found it to be reliable, and already it has become the most staple and popular pulmonary remedy in the market. It quickly cures the worst coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, asthma and incipient consumption. Nothing acts so nicely in whooping cough, and it is so pleasant that children readily take it. Containing no opium, or other dangerous drug, it is as safe as it is sure. Trial size, 10 cents; large sizes, 50 cts. and One Dollar. Sold by W. O. Poor & Son sole agents for Belfast. A. J. Jordan, agent for Orland. R. B. Stover, agent for Bucksport. Also agents for Prof. Parkers' Pleasant Worm Syrup, which never fails. Pleasant to take, and requires no physic. Price 25 cts.

Is Your Life Worth 10 Cents?

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life When sick, the object is to get well; now we say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Biliousness, etc., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your Druggist in any town and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. Two does will relieve you. R. H. Moody agent for Belfast; Kittridge, Rockland; Fletcher, Camden; ———, Waldoboro; Smith & Sons, Searsport; ———, Bucksport; Robinson, Thomaston. cow14

To Southern and Western travelers to the Centennial who intend visiting New York will find the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot, one of the best Hotels in New York to stop at. It is so near the depot that the traveler is spared all annoyance and expense of carriage, baggage and expressage hire, while its location is such that street car and stage lines radiate from this point to all parts of the city. It has elegantly furnished rooms, has all the latest improvements, and is run on the European plan. Travelers visiting New York, or on their way to or from the CENTENNIAL, will find this hotel *par excellence* in every respect. It is under the management of G. F. & W. D. GARRISON, and has become one of the most popular Hotels in the city of New York. 1 yr

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The estimation in which these medicines are held by the public, steadily increases their demand. They act directly on the system, removing all obstructions, renovating the springs of life, purifying the blood, and totally eradicating liver complaints, indigestion, pain in the side and general debility. Sold everywhere. 25 cents per box or pot.

A pair of slippers—a couple of eels. A man of steady habits—the man who always wears the same clothes. Bills of exchange—lover's kisses. See-fare-ing men—railroad conductors.

Castora is a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, without any of its objections, for it is pleasant to take, and does not nauseate or gripe. For Costiveness at any age, but especially for Sour Stomach, Wind Colic, Worms and Disordered Bowels of Children, it is the most effective remedy in existence. It is harmless, it is reliable, and it is cheap.

There need be no pain where Centaur Liniment is used. Burns and Scalds are healed without a scar. Rheumatism, Sprains, and most flesh, bone and muscle ailments can be absolutely cured. There are two kinds. The White Centaur Liniment is for family use, the Yellow for horses and animals. One trial will convince the incredulous.

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives, suffering from dyspepsia, a discorded stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, costiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfailing remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is DaCosta's Radical Cure sold by W. O. Poor & Son, sole agents for Belfast. A. J. Jordan, agent for Orland. R. B. Stover, agent for Bucksport.

A 25c. bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go and get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself.

Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it. 1f49

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.
SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC,
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Frequently medicines that will stop a cough will occasion the death of the patient; they lock up the liver, stop the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and in fact, they clog the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of Consumption. Many persons complain of a dull pain in the side, constipation, coated tongue, pain in the shoulder-blade, feelings of drowsiness and restlessness, the food lying heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity or belching up of wind.

These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver.

Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly checked, will find the stomach and liver clogged, remaining torpid and inactive, and almost before they are aware the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, the result of which is death.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain opium or anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juices of the stomach, aids digestion, and creates a ravenous appetite.

When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, or the symptoms otherwise of a bilious tendency, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These medicines are prepared only by
J. H. SCHENCK & SON,
N. E. corner Sixth and Arch Sts. Phila.
And are for sale by all druggists and dealers.
4w 14

It is an interesting fact that nature has provided her own healing remedies—no one of which has so wide a reputation as tar. "Forest Tar" is simply a pure preparation of tar for the Throat, Lungs and Catarrh. 4w13

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House New York City.* sp6mos15

Forest Tar,

For Throat, Lungs, Asthma, and Kidneys.

Forest Tar Solution, or Inhalation for Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, and Asthma.

Forest Tar Troches, or Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Tickling Cough and Purifying the Breath.

Forest Tar Salve, or Healing Indolent Sores, Ulcers, Cuts, Burns, and for Piles.

Forest Tar Soap, or Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, Skin Diseases, the Toilet and Bath.

Forest Tar Inhalers, or Inhaling for Catarrh, Consumption, Asthma.

For Sale by all Druggists.
ssmos13

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal
By C. H. SARGENT, No. 8 Main Street.

Flour	$5.00@10.00	Corned Beef	10@00
Corn	65@70	Mutton	8
Corn Meal	70	Lamb	8@10
Rye Meal	1.50	Turkey	12@15
Rye	00@00	Chicken	15@18
Barley	65	Fowl	12@15
Oats	42	Geese	12@15
Beans	$1.40@1.60	Duck	00@00
Potatoes,	50@55	Hay	$10.00@14.00
Apples	25@75	Straw	$6.00@7.00
Dried Apples	0@00	Washed Wool	33
Butter	22@25	Unwashed "	25
Cheese	15	Hides	6@5
Eggs	22	Calf Skins	10
Round Hog	8	Lamb "	50@70
Pork Backs	14	Hard Wood	$5.00@5.50
Lard	15@17	Soft "	$3.00@3.50
Beef	8@10	Shorts per ct.	$1.25
Veal	7	Lime	90
Dry Cod	6@7	Butter Salt	25
" Pollock	4 1-2	Plaster	$1.30@0.00

MARRIED.

In Ellsworth, Oct. 8th, Mr. Chas. E. Moulton, of Bucksport, to Effie M. Crockett of Ellsworth.
In Hancock, Oct. 7th, Mr. Henry Strong of Quincy, Mass., and Mrs. Lorenda B. Moon of Hancock.
In Rockland, Oct. 4th, Mr. Bradford K. Hart and Elmira Douglas, both of Rockland.
In Rockland, Oct. 10th, Mr. Joseph H. Wiggin and Miss Ella A. Perry, both of Rockland.
In Thomaston, Oct. 4th, Capt. Peter Vesper of T., and Mrs. Katie E. Crawford of Warren.
In Thomaston, Sept. 30th, Frank R. Benner and Susan L. Nash, both of Thomaston.

DIED.

Obituary notices, beyond the Date, Name and Age must be paid for.)

In Belmont, Oct. 3d, Jeddiah Briggs, aged 72 yrs.
In Searsmont, Sept. 23d, Miss Angie F., aged 15 years, daughter of C. H. and M. A. Fogg.
In North Searsport, Oct. 10th, J. Waldo Mathews, aged 66 years.
In Liberty, Oct. 7th, Mrs. Hannah Berry, aged 84 years and 2 months.
In Ellsworth, Oct. 8th, Jeremiah Harrington, aged 21 years.
In Trenton, Oct. 2d, Annie F. March, youngest daughter of Byron E. and Sarah E. March, aged 5 years, 11 months and 21 days.
In Surry, Oct. 5th, of lung fever, Capt. Samuel Merrill, aged 67 years.
In S. W. Harbor, Oct. 2d, John Coners, Jr., aged 22 years.
In Rockland, Oct. 9th, Mrs. Mary, wife of Benjamin Clark, aged 65 years and 3 months.
In South Thomaston, Oct. 8th, Bella, infant daughter of Joseph and Roda Smith.
In Vinalhaven, Oct. 7th, Jane, daughter of Patrick Doyle, aged 6 years and 5 months.
In South Thomaston, Oct. 4th, Isaiah Fogg, aged 72 years and 8 months.
In Warren, Oct. 3d, Etta, wife of Wm. J. McCallum, aged 23 years and 6 days.
In Rockland, Oct. 4th, Oscar Davis, aged 47 years, 2 months and 14 days.
In Rockland, Oct. 6th, Anna A., daughter of Jacob W. and Adelaide Lamb, aged 3 yrs., 9 mos., 3 days.
In Rockland, Oct. 8th, Bertie, son of Benj. and Francis Lermond, aged 3 years and 12 days.
In Rockland, Oct. 9th, Lizzie R. Clements, aged 19 years, 1 month and 3 days.
In Thomaston, Oct. 3d, Mrs. Nancy Willey, aged 79 years and 6 months.
In Warren, Oct. 8th, Dr. Benj. F. Buxton, aged 67 years.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

Oct 12th, schs Mary, Cook, fishing grounds; Lafayette, Crockett, do; Amazon, Bates, Bangor; Hercoine, Felch, do; Ollett, Quinn, do; E S Wilson, Patterson, Stockton.
Oct 13th, sloop Hershel, Doyle, Bangor.
Oct 14th, brig William H Parks, of New York, Chase, Boston; schs North, Smith, Bangor; Wm Tell, Mathews, do; P M Bonnie, Burgess, Vinalhaven.
Oct 15th, schs Martha Weeks, Somes, Mt Desert; Harriet, Pierce, Cranberry Island.
Oct 17th, schs D K Arey, Curtis, Boston; Mary Fletcher, Webster, Bangor, for do; Mary Farrow, McCarty, Gloucester and Baltimore; Boaz, Ryder, Islesboro; Tyro, Harris, Bangor.

SAILED.

Oct 12th, schs Malabar, Welsh, Ellsworth, to load for New York; Sarah L Davis, Cottrell, Sandy Hook for orders; Mary, Magee, Millbridge, to load for Rondout, New York; Martha Emma, Burgess, Carver's Harbor.
Oct 13th, schs Harmonia, Ryder, Sandy Hook for orders; Ollett, Quinn, Bangor; Maggie Bell, Hall, Rockland.
Oct 14th, schs Fannie & Edith, Bartlett, N York; Amazon, Bates, Bangor; E S Wilson, Patterson, do.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ar at Philadelphia, Oct 12th, schr William Fredrick, Ames, Gloucester, Eng.
Ar at Vineyard Haven, Oct 13th, schrs Jachin, Getchell, hence for Key West; Mark Pendleton, Pendleton, Bangor, for New York; Hattie, Gilchrist, hence for Bucksville, S C; James Holmes, Ryder, hence for New York; S J Gilmore, Sylvester, Bangor for do, (and all sailed.)
Sld from Charleston, Oct 10th, schr Mary Lymburner, Coombs, Baltimore.
Ar at Jacksonville, Oct 6th, schr James W Brown, Kane, New York and this port.
Cld from Galveston, Oct 6th, schr F E McDonald, Kane, Pensacola; (see memoranda.)

FOREIGN PORTS.

Sld from Liverpool, Oct 9th, bark Arizona, Van Schroeder, Baltimore; 11th, ship P R Hazeltine, Herriman, Rangoon.
Ar at Antwerp, Oct 13th, bark David Babcock, Colcord, Richmond, Va.
Ar at Hamburg, Sept 26th, ship Thomas R Pillsbury, Pitcher, Frontera.
Sld from Dunkirk, Oct 7th, ship Wm McGilvery, Nichols, United States.
Ar at Palermo, Oct 10th, brig Fidelia, Atwood, Bangor.
Ar at St Helena, Sept 15th, brig Ned White, Thombs, Manila for New York.
Ar at Singapore, no date, bark Stillman A Allen, Taylor, Newcastle, N S W.
At Calcutta, Sept 5th, ships Ivanhoe, Herriman, Liverpool, for Bombay; R P Buck, Curtis, for Batavia.
Ar at Bombay, Sept 8th, ship Cora, Coombs, for Calcutta.

CHARTERS OF THE WEEK.

Compiled specially for the Journal.

Off-shore freights continue extremely dull for the season, a seeming lack of confidence which generally prevails among shippers, acting as a decided hindrance to business. Of the 24 vessels chartered to load grain and oil at the ports of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore during the past week, only one was American, while the bulk was made up of British and Norwegian barks. This is but little different from every freight report, and conclusively shows that fully seven-eights of our foreign business is done by other than American tonnage. During the last few days, the following charters have been made: Sch T H Livingston, New York to this port, coal, $1,50; sch Annie L McKeen, hence to Jacksonville, ice, $1.25 per ton; sch Malabar, Ellsworth to Rondout, New York, staves, 90c. per M; sch Loretto Fish, of Thomaston, 390 M lumber, St. Mary's River to New York, 87 1c; sch Nellie Doe, of Bangor, coal to that port from Hoboken, $1.05; sch S E Seabury, of Bangor, New York to St. Augustine, lump sum; bark Commerce, of Newcastle, N York to Gibraltar and Cadiz and back, general cargo, lump sum; new ship Portland Lloyd, Boston to San Francisco, current rates; bark Alfred of Bath, New York to Cadiz, staves, &c., current rates; sch Lunet of Calais, from a Maine port to Port Spain, Trinidad, lumber, $8 gold; sch John Douglas, of Bucksport, Pensacola to north side Cuba, lumber, $10 gold, or a Windward Island, $11 gold; sch Alta V Cole, of Harrington, New York to Ponce, P R, $1,525 silver; brig Hattie M Bain, of Portland, Turks Island to Bath, salt, 11c; schr Annie D Merritt, of Boothbay, New York to Hayti and back, private; sch Abbie Ingalls, of Machias, thence to Arroyo, P R, lumber, $8 silver; brig Mansion, of Searsport, New York to Barbadoes and Demerara, 50c. gold per bbl; sch D H Bisbee, of Camden, New York to two ports in Jamaica, 65c. gold per bbl; sch O M Merritt, of Boothbay, New York to Mayaguez, P. R, $1,100 gold.

MEMORANDA.

Schr Kenduskeag, from Bangor for New Haven, carried away foremast and all head gear in a heavy sea off Faulkner's Island, Ct, Oct 8th, and was towed into New London 9th, for repairs.

Schr Magnolia which was sold at Bangor a few days since at $88, was some 50 years old, 60 tons burthen, and the first vessel in the State of Maine that was rigged with three masts.

The mate of the brig Mary C. Rosevalt died at Tybee on the 12th, the captain having died three days previously.

Schr F E McDonald, of Belfast, at Galveston from Boston, was in the hurricane of Sept 16th, but was not seriously damaged by it. The vessel was struck by lightning, however, the same day, and the mizzen-topmast was completely destroyed; the mizzen-mast was also somewhat injured, but not so severely as to necessitate condemning it.

Schr Mary A Holt, of Ellsworth, from Bucksport, S C, for Calais, got ashore at Back River in the gale of last month, but was gotten off and towed into Norfolk 7th inst. She lost her rudder while thumping on the bar of the River.

LONDON, Oct 2. Brig Mechanic, of Portland, Kelley, from Bristol, is ashore on the County Down coast, Ireland.

WICKLOW, Sept. 28. Schr Wm H Mitchell of Machias, from Dublin for Cape Breton, struck heavily on the bar here today. She has since been lighted off, and moored inside, with six feet of water in the hold.

Intelligence has been received at Bangor of the total loss of schr Ada W Gould, of that port. The vessel was abandoned at sea sometime after the 14th of Aug., and it is possible that all hands may have been lost.

Ship Otago, of Rockland, and four others were at Callao, Sept 14th, guano laden, all leaking and about to discharge for repairs. This but confirms the opinion we expressed some months ago, that the hot sun of that climate dries up the planking and renders the vessels liable to spring a leak, especially where the lay days are so extended as the majority are obliged to serve out at the guano ports.

HAYFORD HALL,
BELFAST,

FOR TWO NIGHTS ONLY,
Friday & Saturday Oct. 20 & 21.

W. J. LeMOYNE
AND HIS CELEBRATED
EVENINGS with DICKENS

DRAMATIC COMBINATION

Which includes the following Talented Artists:

THOMAS H. BURNS,	J. STUART CLARKE,
J. K. QUINCY,	S. E. SPRINGER,
C. A. WHITE,	JOHN R. HEARD,
ROBERT ARCHER,	LEWIS BARTON,

CHARLES H. THAYER,
MARY RAINFORTH,

Miss SUSIE CLUER,	Miss GRACE DUVAL,
Mrs. NELLIE BURNS,	Miss CLARA MORTON.

Musical Director, FRANK R. HALE.
Stage Manager, J. K. QUINCY.

Friday Eve'ng, Oct. 20, '76.

First production in this city of the celebrated Dickens dramatization of

DOMBEY AND SON

—WITH—

W. J. LeMOYNE

In his Great Part of
CAP'N ED'ARD CUTTLE.

ON THE SAME EVENING,
First time, also of
NICHOLAS NICKELBY
LeMOYNE
In his two celebrated characterizations of
OLD SQUEERS and NEWMAN NOGGS
Both Pieces Cast to the Full Strength of the Company.

GREAT ATTRACTION for the LAST NIGHT
Saturday Oct 21, '76
LeMOYNE as DICK SWIVELLER
IN THE
Old Curiosity Shop
Mary Rainforth as Little Nell and the Marchioness

MR. LeMOYNE will also appear in the great Sketch, in Two Acts, of

HEEP vs. MICAWBER

As URIAH HEEP,
As played by him over 100 nights at Selwyn's Theatre and Boston Museum.
CHAS. H. THAYER as WILKINS MICAWBER.
The Entire Company will appear in both pieces.
☞Tickets for Sale Four Days in Advance at Woodcock's Bookstore.
Manager - - - - CHAS. H. THAYER.
Admission 35 Cts. Reserved Seats 50 Cts.

Cloaks. Cloaks.

YOU WILL FIND AT
H. H. JOHNSON & Co.
THE BEST LINE OF
CLOAKS
Ever seen in Belfast. We have them at prices to suit all. ☞Please call and examine them.

Mrs. R. Sheldon
—AND—
Miss Edgcomb

HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM
BOSTON
WITH A NICE LINE OF
Fall and Winter
MILLINERY,
Invite their friends and the public to call and see them at 13 Phenix Row. 16tf

LOST! Last Friday, a rubber pen and pencil case, gold mounted, Sept. 1st, a large knife, rough bone handle, with a variety of blades, screw, cork-screw, &c. A reward will be paid, if returned to WM. C. MARSHALL'S Store.
Belfast, Oct. 11, 1876. 3w16*

FASTEN YOUR
WINDOWS!
—WITH—
King's Patent Burglar Proof Sash Locks.
R. B. LEAVITT, Franklin St., Agt. for Belfast.
3w16*

PROBATE NOTICES.

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Waldo:

J. D. LAMSON, Administrator of the estate of A. K. Bumps, late of Thorndike, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that the goods, chattles and credits of said deceased are not sufficient to answer his just debts and charges of Administration, by the sum of six thousand dollars, and that said Administrator has taken out license to sell Real Estate to the amount of four thousand dollars.

WHEREFORE your petitioner prays your honor to grant him a license to sell and convey so much more of said real estate of said deceased, (including the reversion of the Widow's dower thereon,) as will satisfy his debts and incidental charges, and charges of Administration.

J. D. LAMSON, Administrator.

At a Court of Probate, held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1876.

Upon the foregoing Petition, Ordered, That the petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, a paper printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office in Belfast aforesaid, on the second Tuesday of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

WM. M. RUST, Judge.
A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Waldo.

HARRIET WEST, Administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of John West, late of Belfast, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that the goods, chattles and credits of said deceased are not sufficient to answer his just debts and charges of Administration, that a sale of some portion of the real estate is necessary for the payment of said deficiency, and that by a partial sale of any certain portion of said real estate the residue would be greatly depreciated in value.

WHEREFORE your petitioner pray your honor to grant her a license to sell and convey the whole of the real estate of said deceased, (including the reversion of the Widow's dower thereon,) to satisfy said debts and incidental charges and charges of Administration.

HARRIET WEST.
By JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, her Attorney.

At a Court of Probate, held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1876.

Upon the foregoing Petition, Ordered, That the petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal a paper printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office in Belfast aforesaid, on the second Tuesday of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

WM. M. RUST, Judge.
A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Waldo.

FRED YOUNG, Administrator of

Time to Go.

They know the time to go!
The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastes to bed.

The pale Anemone
Glides on her way with scarcely a good night;
The Violets tie their purple night caps tight;
Hand clasped in hand, the dancing Columbines,
In blithesome lines,

Drop their last courtesies,
Flit from the scene, and couch them for their rest;
The Meadow Lily folds her scarlet vest
And hides it 'neath the Grasses lengthening green,
Fair and serene.

Her sister Lily floats
On the blue pond and raises golden eyes
To court the golden splendor of the skies.
The sudden signal comes, and down she goes
To find repose.

In the cool depths below,
A little later, and the Asters blue
Depart in crowds, a brave and cheery crew;
While Golden Rod, still wide awake and gay,
Turns him away,

Furls his bright parasol,
And, like a little hero, meets his fate.
The Gentians, very proud to sit up late,
Next follow. Every Fern is tucked and set
'Neath coverlet,

Downy and soft and warm.
No little seedling voice is heard to grieve
Or make complaints the folding woods beneath;
No lingerer dares to stay, for well they know
The time to go.

Teach us your patience, brave,
Dear flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,
Willing God's will, sure that His clock strikes true;
That His sweet day augurs a sweeter morrow,
With smiles, not sorrow.

An Autumn Ride.

A ride! a ride!
The horses are pawing before the door,
Up! up and away to the breezy moor;
We clatter adown the village street,
The gude-wives deem our steeds are fleet,
Right nobly they bear us up the hill,
Before us the downs lie wide and still,
Where the purple heather is rich in bloom,
And the yellow gorse and the golden broom.
The bramble is trailing across our track,
Its berries are turning from red to black.
When summer and autumn, hand in hand,
Pour down rich gifts on the smiling land,
What pleasure on earth can we compare
With a ride o'er the moors in a breezy air?
The skies above are clear and blue,
Look up, no cloudlet meets the view;
Around us all is bathed in light,
The earth with richest hues is bright.
Far off they melt in a Silver haze
That veils the landscape from our gaze,
And spreads a softness o'er the scene
No painter's touch could give, I ween;
Such coloring would his skill defy,
For art with nature ne'er may vie.
When the sun is bright and the sky is clear,
And the sweet birds are singing far and near,
No pleasure on earth can we compare
With a ride o'er the moors in the breezy air.
[Golden Hours.

Molly by the Gate.

By the road two married maples,
Where the robins love to mate;
On the grass, beneath their shadow,
Molly's waiting by the gate.
Dark or bright the day that saileth,
Silent, under heaven's dome,
It hath one sole hour for Molly—
That which brings her father home.

He, within the panting city
Working out man's common fate,
Often sees before his vision
Little Molly by the gate;
Who hath proved his strong defender,
Who doth hold him pure and true,
By the baby face uplifted,
Budding mouth, and eyes of blue!

Everywhere some dear temptation
Holds allurements fair and new;
Safe a little child doth lead him
All the perilous pathway through.
Evermore his spirit sees her,
Be it early, be it late—
Still the little, dear child-daughter,
Molly, waiting by the gate.

Jewels of Thought and Devotion.

Dear God, I am so weary of it all,
I fain would rest me for a little space,
Is there no great rocks where the shadows fall,
That I may cast me down and hide my face?

I work and strive, sore burdened and afraid,
The road is flinty and the way is long,
And the weak staff whereby my steps are staid,
Bends like a reed when the bitter winds are strong.

The lofty thought proves fruitless in the deed;
The prize I toil for seems a glittering lie!
There is no comfort for present need,
No guerdon promised for futurity.

I shrink in terror from the endless task,
I look with horror on the barren land,
And ask, as only hopeless hearts can ask,
The meaning of my days to understand!

Neglected calumny soon expires.

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."

Death and life are in the power of the tongue; and they that love it shall eat of the fruit of it.

Death is more desirable than a wicked life. And not to be born is better than to lead a disgraceful life.

There are two ways of going through this world. One is to make the best of it, and the other to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

It is more easy to write about money than to have it; and those who have it laugh at those who can only write about it. [Voltaire.

The teacher who succeeds best is he who puts his whole soul into his speech, and thus imparts his soul to others in the very process of conveying information to their understandings.

In social intercourse, the vain man whose vanity is but one form of his geniality, sees others in the same deceitive light he sees himself. He becomes oppressive only when he diminishes other individualities in magnifying his own.

The whole of the universe is full of the majestic and awful reality which would stir the inmost depths of our hearts if we could only realize and feel it.

Intellectual gifts are like gifts of strength or wealth, or rank, or wordly power—splendid instruments if nobly used, but requiring qualities to use them nobler and better than themselves.

Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of vices that make up her train.

"The poor ye have with you always," said the Master. "Not if we can help it Lord," cry out the worshippers in a thousand gorgeous temples. "We intend to keep the poor by themselves. We don't think they would feel at home in our gay assemblies."

Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand at a little Massachusetts village where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along the platform and said:

"Conductor tells me the train at the junction in P., leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night, that is the last train. I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance a long, long way into the country. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you."

"Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, tearful mother.

"No, madam, I have the time-table, and the rules, so I must run by it."

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she turned and said, "Are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that the Lord may in some way delay the train at the junction."

"Why, yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith."

Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard." The poor woman hurried back to the deformed and sick child, and away went the train climbing the grade.

"Somehow," said the engineer, "everything worked like a charm. As I prayed, I couldn't help letting my engine out just a little. We hardly stopped at the first station, people got on and off with wonderful alacrity, the conductor's lantern was in the air in a half minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I could't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the other train, and the conductor with the lantern on his arm. "Well," said he, "will you tell me what I am waiting here for. Somehow I felt I must await your coming to-night, but I don't know why." "I guess," said the brother conductor, "it is for this poor woman, with her sick and deformed child, dreadful anxious to get home this Saturday night." But the man on the engine, and the grateful mother, think they can tell why the train waited.

The London Times makes some very gracious remarks concerning America, in a late article upon the Centennial. It says: "All of us have come to see that the Americans did good to this country as well as to their own, when they conquered their independence. In the Tory Ministries who tried to tax them without their consent, we have learnt to see the champions of a despotism which, if triumphant in America, would have re-acted in England; and we admit that the colonists were fighting the battle of liberty for us as well as for themselves."

The Niagara Falls Gazette says: "Some strangers actuated by curiosity, threw a goose into the river from the bridge leading from the main land to Bath Island, a few days ago, to test if it could survive a trip over the American fall. The goose made the voyage in safety and was subsequently secured uninjured by a ferryman below the cataract." A man would be a goose to try the same experiment, and yet he would not survive it.

[From the Danbury News.]

They had a quarrel Sunday evening. He got mad and swore he'd leave her. Then she got vexed and told him he could do as he pleased. He left. The next night he came around again. He asked to see her alone. She readily complied. She was all of a tremor. Her heart went out to him in a gush of sympathetic love. She stood ready to throw both arms about his neck and cry out her joy. There was not much color in his face and his voice was husky. He said:

"I have been with you six months, Matilda, and I tried in all that time to do what was right." He paused an instant to recover the voice which was faltering rapidly, while her trembling increased. "I know that I have got considerable temper, and that I do not control it always as I ought. But I have tried to be faithful to you, tried to do everything that I thought would tend to make you happy. And feeling this, I have called to-night to see if you wouldn't be kind enough to give me a sort of testimonial to this effect, so that I could show it to any other young lady I might want to go with. It might help me."

He looked at her anxiously. All the color left her face in a flash. She made a great effort to swallow something which threatened to suffocate her. Then she spoke:

"You get out of this house as quick as you can, you miserable whelp, or my father shall kick you out."

He didn't toy with time. He left without the testimonial

SNEEZING CATARRH.

This is a constant sneeze, sneeze, neeze, until your head seems ready to fly off, until your nose and eyes discharge excessive quantities of mucus, thin, acrid, and poisonous, until, unfit for business or pleasure, you number yourself among the most afflicted of mortals, destined to suffer periodically the greatest distress without relief or consolation. Every draught, every breath of air seems an enemy in disguise. This is properly called Acute Catarrh, and commonly, Cold in the Head. Its constant recurrence is due to constitutionally weak or diseased nasal organs, and unfeebled action of the perspiratory glands. In the permanent cure of this distressing malady SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH is a never-failing specific. *Instant* relief follows the first dose. Its use destroys the morbid sensitiveness to atmospheric changes which predisposes people to this disease, and is sure to prevent an attack of CHRONIC OR ULCERATIVE CATARRH.

CHRONIC CATARRH.

Symptoms.—Obstructed breathing, partial closure of one or both nostrils, a stopped up, "stuffed up" feeling in the head, constant blowing of the nose, discharges from the nose of a watery or thick yellow or greenish mucus, frequently streaked with blood. Sometimes the matter becomes encrusted in the nasal passages and is removed only by prolonged effort. In the morning on rising the symptoms are the worst. Violent blowing, hawking and spitting until the crusts are removed, at least partially, and the throat is freed from the matter that has accumulated during the night. Finally the poisonous secretions attack the throat, bronchial tubes, lungs, terminating in pulmonary consumption, accompanied by a most offensive breath and impaired eyesight and hearing.

ULCERATIVE CATARRH.

This is the destructive and terrible stage of the disease. The whole nasal passages, including the eyes and ears, the tonsils, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs become, one after another, affected, inflamed, ulcerated, and succumb rapidly to this frightful monster. A peculiar acid is generated and set at liberty by this disease, which permeating the blood, weakens and destroys its renovating power, and allows the system no opportunity to throw off the malady until this poison is neutralized and expelled. It is here that constitutional treatment becomes of the most vital consequence, "because unless arrested at this stage the disease will make rapid progress towards pulmonary consumption."—*Warren's Household Physician.* Meanwhile a soothing, healing, and astringent medicine must be applied directly to the nasal passages, this forming the most perfect treatment of the disease possible.

PERMANENTLY CURED.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH is a safe, certain, and permanent cure for Catarrh of every form, and is the most perfect remedy ever devised. It is purely a vegetable distillation, and is applied locally by insufflation, and constitutionally by internal administration. Locally applied *relief is instantaneous.* It soothes, heals, and cleanses the nasal passages of every feeling of heaviness, obstruction, dullness, or dizziness. Constitutionally administered it renovates the blood, purifies it of the acid poison with which it is always charged in Catarrh, stimulates the stomach, liver, and kidneys, perfects digestion, makes new blood, and permits the formation of sound, healthy tissue, and finally obtains complete control over the disease. The remarkable curative powers, when all other remedies utterly fail, of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE are attested by thousands who gratefully recommend it to fellow-sufferers. No statement is made regarding it that cannot be substantiated by the most respectable and reliable references. It is a great and good medicine, and worthy all confidence. Each package contains a Treatise on Catarrh and Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, and full directions for its use in all cases.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE is sold by all wholesale and retail druggists throughout the United States. Price, $1.

LAME BACK.

Lame and Painful Back, Twelve Days in Hospital.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: Gentlemen.—I have just recovered from a lame and painful back through the use of your COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS. My back was so lame and painful that I could not stoop, walk, or do duty of any kind, and was placed in the hospital for twelve days without cure. I then asked permission of the surgeon to try the COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS, and in a few hours after putting one on was entirely relieved of pain and able to bend my back; am now thoroughly well. I consider them simply wonderful. Respectfully yours,

ALEXANDER JAMESON,
Co. I, 1st Artillery, Fort Warren.
BOSTON, May 3, 1875.

"ARE DOING WONDERS."

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: Gentlemen.—COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS are doing wonders. They work like magic, and those you sent last are all sold and more wanted. Send me three dozen as soon as you get this. Money enclosed herewith. I want them to morrow night, if possible. In haste.

Yours, T. F. PALMER, P. M.
No. Fayette, Me., May 1, 1876.

Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents for one, $1.25 for six, or $2.25 for twelve, carefully wrapped, and warranted, by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass. 4w14

NEW Hat, Cap & Furnishing Goods STORE.

C. W. HANEY

Has just opened a first class Hat, Cap and Gents Furnishing Goods Store at

54 Main Street.

His Stock consists in part of

New Fall Style Hats,

Of all descriptions,

Gents Under Garments, Hosiery, Shirts, Collars, Linen and Paper Neck Ties, Suspenders.

A very large stock of all qualities and styles. Also a large stock of

UMBRELLAS AND RUBBER CLOTHING.

C. W. HANEY. tf10

E. C. HILTON, Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

Men's Youths' & Boys'

READY MADE

CLOTHING!

No. 54 Main St.

[At the Old Stand of Hersey & Woodard.]

☞The reports of Fashions regularly received and for sale here.

Belfast, Sept. 26, 1876. 13tf

Fall Cloaks!

WILL BE ON EXHIBITION TO-MORROW

—A T—

GEO. W. BURKETT'S & CO.

Centaur Liniments!

The lame can be healed and the wounded made whole. We now know just what the Centaur Liniment will do. They will not mend broken bones or **cure Cancer,** but they will extract soreness, allay pain, cure Rheumatism and a larger range of flesh, bone and muscle ailments than any article ever before discovered.

Scientific skill cannot go beyond the effects of these remarkable preparations. **Chronic Rheumatism** of many years' standing, Neuralgia, Weak Back, Fever Sores, **Weeping-Sinews,** Sciatica, Caked-Breasts, Distorted Joints and Sprained Limbs of the worst kind are cured by the White Centaur Liniment.

It will destroy the pain and **heal without a scar** all ordinary Burns and Scalds. It will extract the poison of Bites and Stings, and the frost from Frozen Limbs. It is very efficacious for Ear-ache, Tooth-ache, Itch and **Cutaneous Eruptions.**

Mr. Josiah Westake, of Marysville, O., writes:

"For years my Rheumatism has been so bad that I have been unable to stir from the house. The first three bottles of Centaur Liniment enabled me to walk without my crutches. I am mending rapidly. I think your Liniment simply a marvel."

C. H. Bennett, Druggist, Rock Prairie, Mo., says:

"Centaur Liniment sells better and gives the best satisfaction of anything in the market."

What the Centaur Liniment has done for others it will do for you. It is handy, it is reliable, and it is cheap.

The Yellow Centaur Liniment

is worth its weight in gold to owners of horses and mules.

This Liniment has cured more **Sprained,** Sweenied, Ring-boned and **Galled Horses** in three years than have all the Farriers in the country in an age. Its effects are simply wonderful.

We have thousands upon thousands of certificates as strong as the following:

"My horse was lame for a year with a fetlock wrench. All remedies utterly failed to cure and I considered him worthless until I commenced to use Centaur Liniment, which rapidly cured him. I heartily recommend it.

"REV. GEO. W. FERRIS,
"Manorville, Schoharie Co., N. Y."

"DEAR SIR,—I have used your Centaur Liniment in my family, and find it to be of great value. Please send me two dollars' worth, one for the mules and horses. RILEY SICKLES.
"FALLS STATION, WYOMING CO., PA."

It makes very little difference what the case is, whether it be Wrench, Sprain, Poll-Evil, Ringbone, Scratches or Lameness of any kind, the effects are the same. Liverymen, Stage proprietors, Farmers, &c., should never be without the Yellow Centaur Liniment. It is sold everywhere, and warranted in its effects.

Laboratory of J. B. ROSE & CO.,
46 DEY ST., NEW YORK.

Castoria.

It is a mistake to suppose that Castoria is not adapted to grown persons as well as Children. They only needs to increase the quantity. But children have so many complaints for which Castoria is adapted—like **Wind Colic,** Sour Stomach, Worms' Fetter, **Teething** and Croup, that it is especially recommended for them.

Its effects are more certain than **Castor Oil.** It contains no alcohol and is as **pleasant to take** as honey. It never gripes. By regulating the stomach and bowles the Castoria **cools the blood,** expels worms and prevents feverishness, quiets the nerves and produces health—then of course **children can sleep** in quiet and **mothers can rest.**

Castoria is **recommended** by all physicians and nurses who have tried it, and it is having a rapidly increasing sale. It is prepared with great care after the recipe of Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Mass., at the Laboratory of J. B. Rose & Co., 46 Dey Street, New York. 3mos15

New Advertisements.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND!

Having discovered, in a manner which might be considered almost providential, a positive cure for Consumption and all Lung Complaints, I feel it my duty to make it known in a practical manner by furnishing a sample bottle, free of charge, to all sufferers, my only hope of remuneration being that the medicine will perform all I claim for it. The ingredients are of the choicest herbal products, and perfectly safe; sent by mail. Address at once, **Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN,** 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey.

There are martyrs to headache who might be cured by using

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

The stomach, overburdened until its recuperative power is weakened, revenges itself upon the poor head, which it makes to ache and torture the offender. The use of this aperient will carry off naturally, and almost imperceptibly, the offending cause. The disease is removed and the head ceases to ache

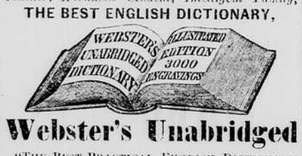
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

An Indispensable Requisite

—FOR EVERY—

Teacher, Advanced Student, Intelligent Family,

THE BEST ENGLISH DICTIONARY,



Webster's Unabridged

"THE BEST PRACTICAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY EXTANT."—*London Quarterly Review, Oct. 1875.*

From the Chief Justice of the United States.

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCT. 25, 1875.—The book has become indispensable to every student of the English language. A Law Library is not complete without it, and the Courts look to it as of the highest authority in all questions of definition.—MORRISON R. WAITE.

FOUR PAGES COLORED PLATES.

Published by **G. & C. MERRIAM,** Springfield, Mass. Sold by all Booksellers.

AGENTS WANTED!

ANDERSONVILLE.

A complete History of Andersonville Prison, by Dr. R. R. STEVENSON, Surgeon in charge, with an Appendix containing the names of 13,000 Union soldiers who died there, with date and number of death. Sent on receipt of price, $3.00. **A splendid campaign book.** TURNBULL BROTHERS, Baltimore, Md.

WESTERN LANDS

HOMESTEADS.

If you want reliable information, where and how to get a cheap **FARM,** or government **Homestead** *free,* send your address to S. J. GILMORE, Land Commissioner, Lawrence, Kansas, and receive *gratis* a copy of **The Kansas Pacific Homestead.**

A FARM AND HOME OF YOUR OWN.

Now is the Time to Secure It!

The *best* and *cheapest* lands in market are in EASTERN NEBRASKA, on the line of the UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD. The most favorable terms, very low rates of fare and freight to all settlers. The best markets. Free passes to land buyers. Maps, descriptive pamphlets, new edition of "THE PIONEER" sent free everywhere. Address **O. F. DAVIS, Land Commissioner, U. P. R. R., Omaha, Nebraska.**

LOOK AND READ.

No more breaking of chimneys. Something new, it sells at sight. Agents wanted to sell G. M. Bull's Patent Fireproof Mica or *Isinglass Pyramid Lamp Chimneys.* This is one of the greatest money saving articles of the present age; they will last for years; they give a steady light; they can be used as a nurse lamp; they will heat water in a few minutes. Sample sent post paid for 30 cents to any address. Territory free to agents. Large profits made. For terms, etc., address G. M. BULL, New Baltimore, N. Y.

A REVOLVER, 7-shot, Nickel Plated, and 100 Cartridges $2. Send postal for illustrated catalogue. Agents wanted. P. O. Box 1505 New York City.

$1362 50 / $375 00 PROFITS FROM INVESTMENTS OF $106 25 / $21 25

The judicious selection and management of

STOCK PRIVILEGES

is a sure road to rapid fortune. Send for new **"System of Assorted Profits,"** free, with full information concerning the Stock Market.

Gold and Stock Brokers. T. POTTER, WIGHT & Co., 35 Wall Street N. York.

AGENTS! GREATEST OFFER of the season. Eight $10 Chromos given away with *Home Guest,* including Hoover's Peerless American Fruit, 2 1-2 feet long, Lake Lucerne, Virgin Vesta, &c. Mounted outfit, four chromos, $3; 8 chromos, $5.50. J. LATHAM & CO., 419 Washington Street, Boston.

AN IMMENSE SALE —OF— BOOTS & SHOES,

IS CONTINUALLY IN PROGRESS AT

DINSMORE & SONS'.

The people have at last found out where they can buy the

Best Boots & Shoes

FOR THE

LEAST MONEY.

DINSMORE & SONS

Have just put in an Immensely LARGE STOCK, which they bought direct from the manufacturers for

C-A-S-H-,

And which they will SELL at

LOWER PRICES

—FOR—

C-A-S-H!

Than have ever been offered in Belfast.

SILLIMAN'S

New York

French Kid Button Boots

For Ladies, always on hand, and for which they are the only Agents in Belfast. They are the Best Fitting Boots in the World.

Some New Styles Just Received for Winter Wear, which are Handsome—Waterproof—will not rip, and will

Keep their Shape!

Boys and Girls

School Boots

Of all Kinds, at LOWEST PRICES.

Dinsmore & Sons

—WILL SELL—

Men's and Boys'

Thick Boots!

At a LOWER PRICE than any other Shoe Store in the State.

Go and See if They Wont!

For Gentlemen's wear they always keep the very

Latest Styles,

and can give you a perfectly easy fitting Boot or Shoe, and at the same time have it look and wear well.

FOR THE

Latest Styles. Best Quality.

LOWEST PRICES.

In BOOTS and SHOES, go to

Dinsmore & Sons',

Main Street, Belfast.

4w15

Something New

BOTH ORNAMENTAL & USEFUL.

GRANITE

Iron Ware!

CALL AND SEE IT

—AT—

WADLIN & MERRILL'S

68 MAIN STREET.

Smith's French Kids!

A Fine Assortment Can be Found

At James W. Clark's.

H. & R. ATWOOD,

Wholesale Dealers and Planters in

PROVIDENCE RIVER AND VIRGINIA

OYSTERS,

19 Commercial Street, Boston.

We are selling large PROVIDENCE RIVERS fresh from their beds daily, at $1.25 per gallon, solid. VIRGINIAS at the lowest prices. Also, PROVIDENCE RIVER NATIVES AND PLANTS in the shell by the bushel or barrel. 3m14

FRANK MILLER,

25 Albany Street, Boston, Mass.,
(Opposite Albany Depot.)

OYSTERS

—AND OTHER—

Refreshments at all Hours.

People going West don't fail to call. LUNCH BASKETS and LUNCHES furnished for Travellers at short notice. tf15

LADIE

Merino Vests!

The most extensive assortment in the city.

Splendid Quality for 33c., well worth fifty cents. Also,

Vests from 25 Cents to $2.00.

One Case of Children's from 25 cents to 35 cents.

☞Please call and see the above goods before purchasing, as I shall sell CHEAP for CASH.

B. F. WELLS.

Providence River

—AND—

NORWALK

OYSTERS

Received Every Boat at

C. R. DAVIS' Hayford Bl'k.

3w14

A Full Line of Ladies'

Beaver Boots & Slippers

At Jas. W. Clark's.

CAUTION.

I hereby notify all persons that are building or using the Hayford and Strout Hay Press in the United States or New Brunswick on my unsold territory, can settle the trespass with Willard P. Harriman, Belfast, unless the Press is my own build or previously settled for. A. STROUT.

Belfast, Sept. 25, 1876. 3w14

For Sale.

YOUNG PIGS and HOGS at my barn, from the Best breeds I could find in the State last fall. Also, some stumpage for firewood, on my Northport and home farm. A. G. JEWETT.

Belfast, Oct. 3, 1876. 3w14*

For Sale.

Schr. R. P. CHASE. The damage received by lightning having been repaired and being in fair running condition, can be bought for $650.00.

E. A. COLCORD, Agent.

Searsport, Sept. 26, 1876. 4w13*

House for Sale.

A TWO STORY HOUSE with quarter of an an acre of land. Centrally located, corner of Court and Park Streets; has a small barn in connection, also cistern, good well of water, fruit trees, etc. The house has been fitted to accommodate two families, and has all conveniences for such. Person wishing to examine property or make inquiries will call at No. 59 Court Street.

Belfast, July 29, 1876. tf3

For Sale or Rent.

HOUSE with an Acre and a half of land for sale or rent. One of the new houses on Belmont Avenue. Terms easy. Enquire of GEO. G. WELLS.

Belfast, Feb. 29, 1876. tf35

Valuable Real Estate for Sale!

The property on Miller Street, now occupied by Lemine Colley, consisting of 8 acres grass land with House, Ell, Wood-house and a large Barn. From 9 to 12 Tons Hay cut annually upon the premises. A good Orchard upon the premises. For further particulars apply to the subscriber.

Will be Sold Immediately if Wanted.

DANL. HARADEN.

Belfast, Feb. 15, 1876. tf35

E. J. MORISON & CO.

(Successors to Carle & Morison,)

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Iron, Steel, House,

Ship and Carriage Trimmings, Agricultural Implements, Paints, Oils, Glass, &c. No. 52 Main Street, Belfast, Me. tf34

Rooms to Let.

PLEASANT ROOMS to let in the house owned by the subscriber on Spring Street, near the Portland steamboat wharf. People looking for a good, cheap rent, should call on

MRS. MARGARET HAUGH.

Belfast, Aug. 17, 1876. 7tf

PICKED UP.

ON MONDAY OFF SEAR'S ISLAND, A LAPstreaked boat. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges. Call on

W. T. COCHRAN.

Sears Island, Oct. 10, 1876.—3*

1876. 1876.

FALL MILLINERY

Mrs. WELLS

HAVING just returned from New York and Boston with all the latest styles of

Hats, Feathers & Flowers.

Miss Brown will take charge of the Millinery as usual, who will give entire satisfaction to all.

MRS. WELLS, 17 Main Street.

C-O-M-E AND G-E-T-!

A NEW STOCK OF THE BEST

ORGANS

IN THE WORLD.

REDUCED PRICES!

AT

W. C. TUTTLE'S,

HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

EVERYTHING

—IN THE—

Boot and Shoe Line

At James W. Clark's

Grand Opening

—OF—

FALL GOODS!

WE desire to call attention to our Stock of Ready Made Clothing, Cloths, Flannels, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods, purchased expressly for our trade. Read a few of our prices: Youth's Suits from 15 to 20 years of age ranging in price from $7.00 to $15.00 per suit; Mens' Suits $8.00 and upwards; 25 prs. Pants only $2.50 per pair; these goods are nearly all wool and lined throughout; 75 prs. all wool Pants manufactured from Warren Cass, only $3.00 to $4.00 per pair, cost last season $5.00 to $6.00. To be closed out the balance of our Stock of Light Weight Under Coats. These coats cost last season from $7.00 to $12.00 each; the entire lot to be sold at from $3.00 to $6.00 each. Job Lot Vests $1.00 each; Under Shirts 50c each. Also a full assortment of Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. Please call and examine goods.

☞First class Coat Makers wanted. No others need apply. ANDREWS BROS, Successors to A. Harris, Phenix Row, High St., Belfast. 3m12

ELECTRIC BELTS are a simple and cheap cure for PREMATURE DEBILITY. The effect is WONDERFUL and the *only* remedy to be trusted. "Throw physic to the dogs." Send for circular to Dr. J. Karr, 852 Broadway, N. Y. 4w14

NOTICE!

M. R. COOPER'S

New Lumber Yard

Foot of Main Street, near Depot.

THE undersigned has on hand and is constantly receiving supplies of Lumber, Shingles, Laths and all other kinds of Building Material which he can sell at prices the very lowest, as below:

Hemlock Timber, per M.,	"	$16.50
" Boards,	"	$10.00 to 10.50
Spruce Joist,	"	$6.50 to 9.00
" Plank,	"	$8.00
" Boards,	"	$8.00 to 10.00
Cedar Shingles,	"	$1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 1.90
Good Spruce Shingles, per M.,		$1.5
Spruce Clapboards,	"	$12.00 to 21.00
Gutters, per foot,		4c to 10c

I have in stock, Ash Lumber (Planed and Jointed,) Hard Pine Flooring, Cedar Posts, 6, 8, 10 and 12 ft., Laths, Cement, Lime, Hair, etc., which can be sold at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

M. R. COOPER.

Belfast, August, 1876. 8tf

Room Papers

—AND—

BORDERS

VERY LOW AT

J. C. THOMPSON & SON

46

3mos3

Belfast Savings Bank.

HAVE REMOVED to their new Banking Room in Custom House Square, are prepared to receive deposits, placing the same on interest on the first days of June, July, August and September, and December, January, February and March. Interest being computed on same, the first Mondays of June and December.

Deposits received daily, (except on Sundays and Legal Holidays,) from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. Saturdays Bank closes at 12, noon.

JOHN H. QUIMBY, Treas. ASA FAUNCE, Prest.

Belfast June 8th 1874. tf

CORN! CORN!!

7300 BUSHELS PRIME YELLOW CORN just received by Schooner Lizzie Mills. The Corn is of excellent quality. For sale LOW. In store at Lane's Wharf.

ALBERT CARTER.

Belfast, Aug. 9, 1876. tf0

We Have Heard of it!!

Large Decline in Prices of

FURNITURE.

EVERYTHING

USUALLY KEPT IN A

Furniture Store

CAN BE FOUND AT

J. C. THOMPSON & SON'S

AND WILL BE

SOLD

—AT—

EXTREMELY

LOW PRICES!

40

1876. 1876.

Read & Remember!

I HAVE just added to my Stock BOND'S BUTTER CRACKER, Soda and Fancy Pilot Bread, Snaps of all kinds, Lemon Biscuit, Oat Meal Biscuit and Rusks fresh from Bond's Backery, Boston. Also a large sortment of Fishing Tackle, Hooks and Lines, &c.

Also I have just received and shall keep constantly on hand a Large and Well-Selected Stock of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Fruit and Confectionery,

Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods.

Sardines, Pickles,

JELLIES, NUTS, FIGS, RAISINS, &c.

Pure Cider & Cider Vinegar

BY THE QUANTITY FOR FAMILY USE.

☞Best Five Cent Cigars in the City.

GEO. G. WELLS.

18 High St., Belfast, Me. tf1

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers

Great inducement to Buyers of

Boots & Shoes

The place to Buy is at

H. H. FORBES'

Who on account of failing health, proposes to sell out his entire Stock of **BOOTS** and **SHOES** at about the original cost at retail, thereby giving the wearer the benefit of the LOW PRICES for CASH and CASH ONLY; as I propose to close up my business very soon no credit will be given.

My Stock consists of all the various styles of **LADIES, MISS** and **CHILDRENS'** *KID, CLOTH,* and *KID FOXED BOOTS,* also *SLIPPERS, BUTTON SHOES,* also **MEN'S** and **BOY'S** *CALF BOOTS, ALEXIS BOOT,* also *CALF STRAP BUCKLE SHOES,* also Common *KIP, THICK,* and *SPLIT SHOES,* for common wear. In fact the stock is too numerous to mention in detail, and finally, call and examine the *QUALITY* and *PRICES,* and you will be sure to buy. As I propose to give all *GOOD BARGAINS* as long as they LAST, if I am able to attend to business. Don't forget the place, at

H. H. FORBES,

No. 13 Main Street.

Belfast, June 5, 1876.

Special Notice.

As I am closing out my Stock on account of poor health, all persons indebted to me by note or account, are hereby notified that their accounts must be settled immediately, or they will be placed in the hands of other parties for collection.

H. H. FORBES.

Belfast, June 5, 1876. 49tf

"PULL DOWN YOUR VEST"!

WE are now having a supply of VESTS and can furnish our hands with work.

Parties OWING for MACHINES can now have work. MONROE hands who are ready to work, will please notify us.

GEO. A. QUIMBY & CO.

Belfast, June 15, 1875. tf50

G. E. JOHNSON,

Attorney at Law!

14 MAIN STREET, BELFAST.

Office formerly occupied by Hon. Nehemiah Abbott.

GEO. E. WALLACE,

Attorney at Law!

HARADEN BLOCK, Belfast, Me.

☞All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

W. P. THOMPSON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

BELFAST, MAINE.

6mos41

F. A. GREER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

—OFFICE IN—

Alden's Block, Main Street,

BELFAST, MAINE.

☞Particular attention given to COLLECTING and CONVEYANCING. Prompt attention given to Communications by mail. 6m52.

American Hotel.

Main Street, Belfast, Me.

TUCKER BROTHERS, Proprietors

J. D. TUCKER. B. F. TUCKER.

Coaches to convey passengers to and from the cars and boats.

Sample Rooms free to guests.

Livery and Boarding Stable connected with the House.

Belfast, Sept. 23, 1875.—tf13

R. R. HIGGINS & CO.

Wholesale Dealers & Planters of

PROVIDENCE RIVER

OYSTERS,

Nos. 128 & 130 Court St., Boston.

We are selling our **PROVIDENCE RIVER OYSTERS,** fresh from their beds every day, for **$1.25** per gallon, solid. Also, we have a large stock of **NATIVE OYSTERS,** by the barrel, at the **lowest market prices.** 8w12

Musical Notice.

MISS ABBIE E. EELLS, will receive a few pupils for instruction upon the Piano and Cabinet Organ. Special care taken with beginners. For terms inquire at 143 Main Street.

Nov. 25, 1875.—tf21

G. T. READ,

MACHINIST!

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Sewing Machine Attachments.

*,*Particular attention given to Sewing Machine Repairing. Shot Guns Repaired and Bored to shoot close. **No. 46 MAIN STREET.**

Jan. 1st, 1876—tf

Sanborn House.

JOSEPH SANBORN, JR.,

Announces to his many friends that he has returned and again taken possession of the well known

SANBORN HOUSE,

where he will be glad to welcome them. The house is near the depot, well fitted and offers every inducement for a quiet summer resort.

A good stable is connected with the house. Give me a call. JOSEPH SANBORN, JR.

Belfast, June 1, 1875. tf48

HERRIMAN, WARMINGTON & CO

SHIPWRIGHTS, SHIPSMITHS,

Mast, Spar & Blockmakers,

JOINERS, &C.

OFFICE: 9 Waterloo Road. WORKS: Barton Street. } LIVERPOOL.

This firm confidently assure the masters and owners of ships that they have the best of facilities for executing every branch of shipwork, for both wooden and iron ships, in a manner guaranteed to give satisfaction. tf36

DENTISTRY!

DR. G. P. LOMBARD,

Successor to Dr. C. MOORE.

May still be found at the old stand of Dr. Moore, corner of Church and Spring Streets. Has all the latest improved instruments for operating upon teeth, including

MORRISON'S DENTAL ENGINE!

by which the process is rendered much less painful and tedious than by the old methods. Teeth inserted in Rubber or Celluloid Base, as persons prefer. He has the country right for the use of

Dr. Folsom's Improved Dental Plates.

Particular attention given to making and inserting artificial teeth. tf36

GRANITE

Iron Ware!

FOR SALE AT

A. D. FRENCH'S Stove Store.

HENRY H. GRANT,

(With late Hon. Wm. McGilvery for past ten years)

MARINE INSURANCE BROKER,

Agent of the Boston Marine Insurance Company, For Searsport and Vicinity. Ag